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Selections.

A SLAVE-HUNT.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[The following narrative, which we receive from a reliable source, is literally true.—*Eds. Independent.*]

It was a dreary, chilly, dark winter's evening, during the Christmas holidays, when three travellers saw the welcome light of a large wood-fire shining out upon the night from the windows of a little inn in an obscure village of Illinois. Two of the men, who were on horseback, spurred their jaded beasts, who whinnied as they saw the light, and quickened their pace through the heavy mud. The third man was on foot, and he also stepped out the quicker, more, however, because that was the will of his companions than because he welcomed the end of a hard day's journey, and the hope of good tavern cheer, warmth and food, and a soft bed for his travel-worn feet and weary limbs.

"Hallo, the house!" shouted one of the horsemen as they drew up before the door of the tavern. The landlord, who was a thrifty Yankee, born under the shadow of the hill where lie buried that goodly company who braved in the little May Flower the dangers of the sea, and the greater dangers of the rugged coast of New England, for the sake of civil and religious freedom, hurried out, and, helping his guests to dismount, led them with much deference and some ceremony into the warm and cheerful room. Two of them were white men; the third was a black, his hands tied behind him, and led, or rather driven, like a bear or a bullock, by the other end of the rope held by one of his companions. The son of a Pilgrim Father stared for a moment at the group as they came into the bright light of his hospitable fire, but remembering, presently, that he was only a landlord and not a Pilgrim Father, he hurried off to lead the horses to the stable. The two white men took off their leggings, their great coats, and their comforters, showing, as they did so, a very complete armament of pistols and bowie-knives; the black was unencumbered with any outer clothing, but his captors—for such they evidently were—removed his bonds, and gave him permission to sit at the corner of the fire-place. Supper was ordered and soon served in an adjoining room; but the table was placed, at the request of one of the men, just outside the door, so that he could sit near enough to the negro to have him still within his sight, and almost within reach. There were several other persons present, temporary inmates of the house. The man who seemed to be the principal of the new-comers said, as he took his seat at table, "Gentlemen, please to stop that nigger if he attempts to escape." "I'll be hanged if *I* do," said one of them, a young man from Massachusetts. If it was an oath, it was in the spirit of Uncle Toby's, and was, no doubt, blotted out as his was.

"Here, Jim!" said the master, and tossed him a bit of meat. Presently a slice of bread followed; and so, as he would have fed a dog, he fed his servant with the fragments of his own meal. The poor fellow ate ravenously and silently the little that was given him.

During all this time hardly a word, except the few already repeated, had been uttered. The negro, submissive, silent, perhaps dogged, sat bowed and passive in the chimney-corner, a black heap in the blazing fire-light. Who was he? What was he? Probably a runaway slave. The white men swaggered a good deal. The few brief orders to landlord and landlady were commands, and not requests, and, though they ate their suppers with the appetites of hounds, and with rather less manners, they bullied the whole company with an air of superiority; and if the bowie-knife, which was more visible than it need have been in their bosoms, was to believed, they were ready to fight anybody on the smallest provocation. It was clear enough that they were slave-hunters, and had run down their prey. Like other beasts, however, they became tamer after they were fed, and, drawing their chairs into the circle round the fire, they soon yielded to the unexpressed but evident curiosity to know what brought them there to that little wayside inn in the heart of a free State, driving before them that poor, tethered black creature like a sheep to the slaughter.

They were from Kentucky. A little more than a year before, one of them, the spokesman, had lost a slave. The rascal had run away, he said, and nothing could be found or heard of him. However, he was advertised, and a few weeks before the master had received a letter from a good man in Illinois, who had happened to see the advertisement, and who said that a negro answering the description of the runaway was at that moment in the writer's neighborhood, held there by a merciful law of that State which arrests and detains for a year and a day every stranger black man who may be found within her borders, and on whose behalf no white man comes forward to give bonds that he shall not become a public burden. The Kentuckian, taking with him a friend—his companion then present—started at once for this friendly community, and found that it had, in the very spirit of that glorious Union which binds these States together, held his black man for him so far short of Canada, to which the renegade was making his way. They were just in time. In one day more the year and a day of the law would have expired, and the fellow would have been free to pursue his journey. There was no difficulty or delay about the matter; he recognized the "boy"; the "boy" recognized him; so they turned their horses' heads homeward, taking the runaway along with them. This was their first day's journey, and a pretty beginning they had made of it!

The roads were very heavy with a melting snow upon the deep mud of the prairies, and their horses could not go beyond a walk. It was harder yet for the negro, who waded along by their side, keeping up, or *seeming*—the villain!—to keep up with them with great difficulty. They couldn't make him go any faster, and they couldn't leave him behind. It was a dilemma which even now the narrator, in the full blaze of that cheerful fire, contrasting so strongly with the keen, sweeping wind of the wide prairie, paused to turn over again in his mind. Here also the black heap in the corner moved restlessly, and raising his head slightly, gave a quick, intelligent glance round the listening circle. So they proposed, the master continued, to go "nip and tuck"—to walk and ride alternately with the negro. The plan succeeded admirably. They got on rapidly. It was rather a relief to themselves to stir their blood now and then with a walk, and the black rascal seemed less morose and sullen, and more willing to go, now that the four legs of a horse, instead of his own, carried him a part of the way.

At length they approached a "piece of timber." They had hardly entered the wood, when the master observed that the "boy," who was on his horse, had somehow got some little distance ahead of him, and had left his companion still farther in the rear. He had hardly noticed these relative positions, when he saw the rascal look over his shoulder, and then, driving his heels into the horse's sides, lashing him with his whip, and urging him with his voice, break into a gallop. It was plain he meant to run for it! And it was not only man, this time, but horse also, that was becoming fugitive property. It was no time for consideration, but for action, so, without waiting for the other rider to come up, he took to his own legs in pursuit. It was wise that he did so. Horse against horse in such a race, and the foremost would have won it. But horse against man in that deep, tenacious mud stood no chance whatever. He gained rapidly upon the negro, as the negro knew, without turning to look behind him, by shout and execration which came nearer and nearer. Pushing his horse through the trees with all the speed he could get out of him, he made for the bluff which overhung a creek just ahead of him. His pursuer had nearly overtaken him before he reached it, when, seeing, what he should have seen before, that his only chance of escape was to trust to his own speed, he threw himself from the saddle and sprung over the bluff. It was a precipitous, almost perpendicular descent of nearly forty feet, and to go down it was at the risk of neck and limb. But the slave did not hesitate; neither did his master. One was "in pursuit of happiness"; the other in pursuit of his "nigger." The love of natural right was strong in one; the love of constitutional right was strong in the other. They jumped, they scrambled, they rolled, they tumbled, and came together to the bottom, sorely bruised and breathless, but not quite stunned, and with no bones broken. Then the master fell upon the man, and the man upon the master, each bent upon doing for the other what a forty foot fall had failed to accomplish. They fought desperately, but briefly, for natural right was stronger than constitutional right, and the black man soon got the white man under. But mind will triumph over matter, and brute, black force is no match for the refinements of white civilization. The master contrived to get out his bowie-knife, and the slave succumbed. Had he not been a slave, the instrument of civilization would have been sheathed in his body: but even in that moment of desperate conflict and terrible passion, the slaveholder remembered that a nigger sound in wind and limb is worth fifteen hundred dollars. So the combatants stood up conqueror and conquered, and the master tied his slave's hands behind him, and they went on their journey. But it was "nip and tuck" no longer. The captor led his captive by the rope at the saddle bow.

"Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself, Jim!" said the man, when he had finished his story.

"No, massa," said the slave quietly, but firmly.

"Do you mean to say you're not sorry for what you've done, you black rascal?" exclaimed the master.

"I'll do it again, massa, if I get a chance," returned the other, in the same subdued, firm tone.

"What do you want?" said the white man angrily. "Have I not always treated you well? Didn't you have enough to eat, and enough to wear, when you were in old Kentuck?"

"Yes, massa."

"What the mischief *do* you want then?"

The black man raised his head erect. A visible change came over his swarthy face. Out of his large eyes shot a gleam of light, and he said:

"I want my LIBERTY, and I *will* have it."

That night he was lodged in jail for safe keeping. Perhaps his captors saw something in the looks of those about them that warned them it would not be well to trust him in any less secure lodging. The next morning he was led away with his hands tied behind him, as before, his master keeping tight hold of the other end of the rope.

On the evening of that day there arrived at the next village, thirty miles south, two Kentuckians, with an empty rope hanging at the saddle-bow of one of them. They cursed and raved like madmen, for they had lost a "nigger." They had him tied, they said, fast enough till towards night, when he begged that the knot might be loosened a little to give him some ease in walking, for he *seemed* nearly beat out. They were wading through a terrible bit of road in the timber, the "boy" hardly six feet from them, when suddenly he "broke" and was out of sight before they could dismount from their horses. They searched for him that night till it was too dark to look any longer. They continued the hunt for days, and offered large rewards for his capture; they spent their Christmas holidays in vain, in this melancholy and unprofitable manner. The negro was never found, except by the man who really owned him, and his name was Jim. To him doubtless a happy New Year shone out of the North Star as he followed its friendly light, over the prairies and through the woodlands of Illinois, till he could show his face again among white men in a land which never made a Declaration of Independence, but which cannot tolerate either slaveholding or slave hunting.

Y. Y.

IMPORTANT FROM CUBA.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE IN CUBA—THE PEOPLE AND PRESS OF HAVANA REFUSE TO BE SOLD.

THE Ayuntamiento, or Corporation, of Havana have adopted the following Address to the Queen of Spain in regard to the passage of President Buchanan's message referring to the purchase of Cuba. It appears in the Havana papers by the orders of the Captain-General:

MADAM: The Ayuntamiento of Havana has not read without profound surprise the recent Message of the President of the United States, in which the infamous idea is announced that that government has intended and intends to purchase the island of Cuba, a pretension which must be looked upon as doubly insulting to the nobleness of the nation and to the dignity of the sons of Cuba, who, it appears, are considered no better than a drove of slaves that can be sold like a private estate.

All the Spaniards resident in the territory of the Island constitute an integral part of the Spanish nation, and Cuba is a province of the monarchy, in all things similar to those of Castile, to which our wise laws of the Indies make her equal. The shame of being sold cannot be supported by those who always appreciate their existence as a part of a nation to which they have ever been assimilated in habit, religion and customs, and which transmitted to them the beautiful language of Cervantes. The government of Spain has not heard, and doubtless will not listen to, an ignominious pretension which wounds its sense of decency; but, nevertheless, the first municipality of the island has believed it to be its duty to raise its voice to your Majesty, on seeing written this insult to humanity and the illustrated age in which we live—an insult in which, with a cool contumely, and a total forgetfulness of all the admitted and recognized principles of international relations, the only desire is to satisfy the speculative aspirations and the interested views of a country, by bringing to shame a punctilious government and a people who see in the colors of their flag a long review of glories, an eternal remembrance of greatness and heroism. Madam, in the last century the English occupied Havana, and its Ayuntamiento never ceased to regard the throne of your august uncle until Don Carlos III. was induced to exchange his Lusitanian laurels for the rescue of this capital; and when the Earl of Albemarle demanded that this city should do homage to the King of England, the Cabildo of the capital resisted the requirement, notwithstanding that the foreign officer who made it presided at the session. Cuba, Madam, is the same Spanish province that it has been heretofore. Now and ever it will reject foreign domination. May the government of your Majesty so understand it, for the honor of all, and the aspirations of Havana will remain satisfied.

Such, Madam, are the suffrages of the inhabitants of the capital of Cuba; and its Ayuntamiento hastens to lay them at your Majesty's royal feet through the legal channel, anxious to offer to your Majesty a testimonial of the sentiments which have been inspired by the reading of the message of the President of the United States.

God preserve the important life of your Majesty for many years. [Capitular Chamber of Havana, Dec. 17, 1858.] MADAM—At the royal feet of your Majesty.

This document was proposed in the Ayuntamiento by Count de O'Reilly, its requida, and was signed by Gen. Echavarria, the Governor of the city, all the officials, and the great body of the citizens. For the latter purpose it was deposited at the Cabaldo, and the public were invited to affix their signatures, which was invariably done.

From the leading journals we extract some expressions of the current feeling, which is by no means friendly to the American policy.

From The Diario de la Marina.

Those familiar with the noble body of Spanish nobility will feel no surprise at the sentiment of this city, called into utterance by the preposterous project of buying the island of Cuba, nor at the fact that one of her most distinguished sons, illustrious for race as well as for position, should be the first to propose that the municipal corporation should raise to the foot of the throne the expression of that sentiment. As this step possesses a highly important significance in present circumstances, it is quite proper, and becomes a positive duty, to call the attention of the world, whether our own people or foreigners, to the contrast between our national spirit with American greed; and in what manner the chivalrous temper of our people responds to the mercantile cupidity of American politics, which has prompted the words of the last Presidential message relative to this island.

It is difficult to conceive what idea Mr. Buchanan has of the common sense of mankind, when with so much gravity and unceremoniousness he discusses a transaction which those least versed in cotemporary history know to be impracticable, and which he seems to regard as thoroughly plain and feasible, as if the authority necessary to consummate it had already been secured. Such forgetfulness of social proprieties, and of the circumspection which nations ought to observe in their intercourse with each other, intermixed with the solemn announcement of such reckless doctrines in regard to the rights of nations, may not amaze the world, simply because it is accustomed to such aberrations on the part of the Washington Cabinet; but what will excite surprise is that while the historical antecedents of the question are still so recent and voluminous, they are already so far forgotten in the United States as to render it necessary for the President to renew them, and Congress were able to listen, without laughing at the ridiculousness of the farce, or without indignation at what really deserved that feeling.

Purchase the island of Cuba! The Washington Cabinet well knows it cannot be bought; that the United States have not the money that could buy it. Such is the opinion of all Spaniards, such has been especially the opinion of the natives of the soil, from the first moment the project figured in the politics of the North. This is the reason why, when a Minister of the Crown, in the hall of national representation, on an occasion similar to that produced by the present message, said that to sell the island of Cuba would be to sell the honor of Spain, the words were reechoed from every corner of the monarchy by the unanimous voice of the Spanish race, and has been adopted from that moment by consecration as the neatest and most concise formula of reply whenever this absurd project should be revived.

Now, therefore, when President Buchanan seems to raise it from the deep, in which the indignation of our countrymen in both worlds had buried it, there is no need to seek any new expression of our views; we have only to repeat those words which ought to despatch it beyond the possibility of resuscitation, that "to sell the Island of Cuba would be to sell the honor of Spain," and to add that the honor of Spain is not to be sold.

The United States is a civilized nation; its public men rank as illustrious; its successive administrations pretend to great discretion and prudence in all that concerns the national interest; its actual President, a man whose talents and years authorize the expectation of experience and self-control, of measure and good judgment in his words and in his actions. How then is it, these things being granted, that such a nation and such men renew to the world this pitiable instance of levity and ignorance? We use the word deliberately, for, aside from the immoral aspects of the business, we meet nowhere else more of ignorance and levity. To insist on buying that which the owner does not offer for sale is of course an extravagance; to insist on the purchase of that which is not vendible is an absurdity; to seek to buy the honor of a nation is a gross insult; to seek to buy the honor of Spain is an attempt we cannot describe in fitting terms, as we seek in vain for expressions adequate to the feeling of aversion with which it fills us.

And to this nameless thing the Spanish nation has responded with a burst of general indignation, to which the voice of the Corporation of Havana, and of the other cities of the Island, have contributed, as well as the voice of all the people and every individual in whose veins courses Spanish blood, to protest against a design, the mere enunciation of which is, for our race, the grossest of insults.

The fact should apprize the President of the Union, and those of his political partisans who have suggested so offensive an idea, on the difference which exists between a people whose venerable traditions bespeak its children a nation of gentlemen, and a people whose brightest type is the embodiment of avaricious thrift. They think that they can buy with their gold the honor of strangers. We think that the least atom of our honor is worth infinitely more than all the material prosperity heaped in their hands by fortune or by chance.

This the United States may understand once for all. We enter into no discussion as to the land they covet—this splendid and productive land, whose wealth its whole lands are developing under the production of their own government and laws; we do not allude to that commerce which compares in activity and intelligence with that of the most progressive people on earth; or to the advantageous site of the island, nor to the material excellences realized within it, nor to the monument which its envied prosperity has raised to its rulers. If we alluded only to these, when the subject is broached, those who only examine such questions through the medium of material interest might fairly charge us with hyperbole when we say the money does not exist that can purchase the island of Cuba.

But these considerations do not enter into the thoughts of our people, of our sovereigns, our governors, our courts, our statesmen, and even the humblest of our countrymen, when they debate this proposed purchase which they regard as an insult, and this sale which they regard as infamy. It is because they have regard to the Spaniards born in Cuba—brethren of those born in the Peninsula, children of the same fathers, sharers in the same glory, trained in the same civilization, the same faith and the same customs. It is this blood which is priceless—this civilization that cannot be sold.

The sons of Cuba are the first to protest against the suggestions of this Message. Nothing could be more proper. It is they whom it is proposed to outrage, talking coolly of buying them as so much base merchandise. For American politicians this promptitude should be instructive, and we advise them to ponder the commentary of the Ayuntamiento of Havana, and others of this island, on the late Message of the President, until there shall be heard, in addition, the indignant voice of the mother country raised against a project which thus attacks at once its honor and dignity.

From the Prensa de la Habana.

It is hardly necessary for us to remark that the above memorial is the genuine and unanimous expression of the feelings of all the population of the island of Cuba. This is proved by the number of signatures which, in so few hours since the document was published, have been affixed to it, not only in the Capitular Chamber, but in that of the Aldermen. No other result could be expected in a case of so much importance; and in view of such an unmistakable demonstration, we do not believe that the slightest doubt can be entertained in regard to the sentiments of a people who esteem their dignity and their honor before all else that they hold most dear.

Certainly the President of the Union cannot calculate upon the support of France in the renewal of his proposition to purchase; at least, so we infer from an article entitled "Europe and the United States," published in the *Patrie*, of Paris, on the 9th of November last. Everybody knows the political significance of that journal, and the high inspirations which it receives. The thoughts of Napoleon III., which cannot conveniently be emitted in the *Moniteur*, are made apparent in the columns of the *Patrie*; and this circumstance should be of some weight in considering an article which—after recognizing the principle that "The dominion of the world really belongs to no one either in America or Europe, and powerful nations have declined upon realizing such an ambition"—concludes with these words: "Neither on the ocean, nor in the Mediterranean, nor in the Black Sea, shall we ever abandon the cause of justice and civilization."

THE RECALL OF LORD NAPIER

THE following letter comes from a source, says *The Boston Advertiser*, which gives additional importance to its statements, as the writer which speaks of that which he is in a position to know:

LONDON, Dec. 10, 1858.

The sudden recall of a British Minister is an event of so rare occurrence that it cannot pass without its motives being fully canvassed. That of Lord Napier has attracted much attention here in diplomatic and parliamentary circles. When its cause and its consequences are fully understood in the United States, it will be a source of real gratification to every lover of the American Union, and to every true lover of mankind; for it removes all doubt as to the position which the British government intends to hold toward the friends of disunion and the extenders of slavery in the United States.

It is necessary, in order to understand the position of things, to go back some fourteen years, to the days of Mr. Calhoun. At that time the plan of a dissolution of the Union, and the formation of a great slaveholding power, was presented here by friends of Mr. Calhoun, and some words then attributed to Lord Aberdeen—perhaps incautiously uttered by him—are supposed to have given rise to the hopes of British sympathy, in which Southern politicians have so frequently indulged.

At various times these projects have been broached to members of the British Government, and especially in 1851, when a strong deputation of Southern Disunionists was in London seeking for aid and comfort from Great Britain. At that time Mr. Abbott Lawrence was American Minister, and enjoyed to an unusual degree the confidence of the British Ministers. The projects of the Disunionists presented to Lord Palmerston, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, were by him brought to the knowledge of Mr. Lawrence; and the Southern Embassy, disheartened by the coolness which its Disunion scheme encountered—and also by the fate of the Lopez expedition to Cuba—returned discomfited to the United States.

These schemes were not, however, abandoned, and various attempts have been made here to win favor for them; while the men interested in them have sought to produce the belief in the United States that the sentiment of hostility to the extension of slavery, so dear to the popular heart of Great Britain, was not shared by the government. During the last winter, Mr. Mason of Virginia, on the floor of the Senate, stated as a fact that the British government had changed its opinion on this great question. Anything said in so grave a body as the United States Senate attracts attention, though probably not much importance would have been attached to the declarations of Mr. Mason, had it not been for the known intimacy between him and Lord Napier. An early occasion was taken by the British government to contradict the assertions of Mr. Mason the Duke of Argyle declaring that he was instructed by her Majesty's Ministers so to do.

Since then British travellers, returning from the United States, have spoken with much feeling of the language and course of Lord Napier at Washington—of the adoption by him, in speaking of the Republicans, of the low slang of the Southern members—and of the almost offensive manner in which he made himself the gratuitous advocate of the Lecompton Constitution, and necessarily, therefore, the upholder of the fraud and violence in which it was conceived. This last fact has caused deep and, I believe, universal regret, and has led, in high quarters, to expressions even of indignation.

Lord Napier has found able friends to sustain him in his course, they asserting that he has only followed the popular current and taken the strong side. That the one all controlling policy of the present American government is that of slavery extension, and that as a Minister, seeking to maintain friendly relations with that government, it was expedient in him to flatter that policy.

To this the reply has been: that it was all very well for a British Minister to court the government to which he was accredited, provided, in so doing, he did not misrepresent his own country by sacrificing any of the great principles which it cherished; that the crimes in Kansas were of so atrocious a nature that no British Minister could in any way become their apologist, without degrading his own government; and the one distinguished statesman—himself a maker and unmaker of ministers—declared that in the whole course of British diplomacy no parallel could be found for the conduct of Lord Napier; that to find one it was necessary to suppose a case—and that his course in regard to the Kansas atrocity was, as if Walsingham, the Embassador of Elizabeth in Paris at the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre, also a measure of court policy, had, instead of making his hotel a place of refuge for the Protestants, gone about visiting the leaders of the assassins, bobnobbing with them, and jeeringly telling the victims whom he met that it was, after all, but a small matter to have their throats cut.

The recall of Lord Napier will, it is believed, show that the British government has no part with those who are seeking to break up the American Union—that it wishes, as the British people do, to see that Union prosperous and happy, and that its sympathies are with the men of pure character and noble views, who are laboring to revive the sound doctrines of Washington, Jefferson and Franklin upon the question of slavery, and to emancipate their country from the slaveholding minority which has so long exclusively controlled its policy.

Lord Napier's facile disposition has made for him many personal friends. He will still be employed, but on a mission of minor importance. His successor, Lord Lyons, is a man of intelligence, discretion and character.

It may be pardonable here to allude to Lady Napier, inasmuch as the wife of a Foreign Minister is to a certain extent the representative of her country-women. Of her no word of complaint is made, and it is believed that she has never, within the sphere of her influence, allowed herself to be seduced into sympathy either for the disgusting doctrines or the almost equally disgusting plantation manners of the upholders and extenders of slavery.

THE WILD AFRICANS.

QUITE an excitement was produced at Atlanta, Ga., on Thursday, Dec. 23, on account of the arrival by the Georgia Railroad train of forty negroes, said to be direct from Africa. They were under the control of Mr. Thack Brodnox, who informed the editor of *The Atlanta Advertiser* that they were natives of South Carolina. The general impression is that they were a part of the cargo lately landed near Savannah. They left on the train for Montgomery, Ala.

The Montgomery Advertiser of Saturday says:

"The arrival in this city, yesterday, of some thirty six native Africans, created no little curiosity and some excitement. They were a fresh importation, beyond doubt, and are extremely deficient in knowledge of the English language. They left here last evening, down the river, on the steamer St. Nicholas. We know nothing of their destination."

The Covington (Ga.) *Times* of the 23d ult. says:

"A car-load of Africans, about fifty in number, passed up the Georgia Railroad this morning on the 7 o'clock train. This lot of negroes is a portion of the cargo brought from Africa by the Wanderer, and landed three miles below Augusta a short time since. They are fine-looking negroes, and seem to be hardy and healthy. The lot consists of men, women and children."

The Savannah Republican of Dec. 27 understands from the United States Marshal that the African boy captured some days ago on Jekyl Island and carried to that city was forcibly abducted, on Saturday night, from the salesrooms of Mr. George Wylly, and has not since been heard of. We have not heard the names of the parties who engaged in the rescue."

The same paper of the 29th has the following:

"There are one or two facts connected with the African boy that should be known to the public. He was taken by the United States Marshal, on Saturday morning, from the Barracks to the salerooms of Mr. George W. Wylly, where there were no means for securing, in case of an attempt at rescue, his only guard at night being a negro man on the premises. On Saturday afternoon Mr. Wylly informed the Deputy-Marshal that he had reason to believe that an attempt would be made to abduct the boy, that the place offered no security, and that he (W.) would be responsible for him no longer. In the face of this warning, the boy was allowed to remain on the premises, no effort was made to render him secure, and the next morning he was 'found missing.' We make this statement by authority. If this be a specimen of Federal efficiency, we would advise the government to not pros all proceedings in the case at once, and save itself a fruitless expense."

The Savannah News says:

"The negro boy, supposed to be one of the cargo of the Wanderer, was on Saturday morning transferred to the office of George W. Wylly, Esq., where he held a levee during the day, which was attended by many of our citizens, anxious to see a *live* African. We visited him and found a boy, apparently about 13 or 14 years of age, of rather pleasing and intelligent countenance. He repeated, almost perfectly, everything said to him, whether in English, French or Spanish, and seemed to 'bear his honors' with commendable modesty and good humor. A great many of his visitors were unable to select him from other darkies, native-born, in the same room.

"We learn that, during the day, another boy—native-born—was put in his place, to allow him time for repose and refreshment, and that many persons visited the room and came away thoroughly convinced that they had seen a real bona fide African. Indeed, we have heard it stated that the boy brought from Jekyl is not an African, but the descendant of some St. Domingo negroes, long resident on the island."

The Edgefield Advertiser says:

"We have not seen them. But they have been seen, as we are informed; and the strange circumstance is an undisputed reality. Much mystery envelopes the case. No one knows (or will allow that he knows) either who brought these Africans here or who has them in keeping. Many surmises are afloat as to what will be done with them. Some say they can now be bought at from $500 to $1,000 per head. But there appears to be no one who will make a guarantee title. One rumor is that the gang is now being settled in small squads over the country, so as to defy the vigilance of the government officials, who are on the alert to discover the authors of the whole transaction and the exact nature of the transaction. There was a talk of some being sent toward this vicinity—have you seen them? 'Have you seen the Africans?' is now as frequent a query in Edgefield as 'have you seen the Blacksmith?' is in the advertising columns of some Northern journals. And this question is frequently followed up by another, viz., 'Would you buy them, if you could get them cheap?' There's the rub. On one side stands cupidity, beckoning to the bargain; on the other the laws of the country, denouncing a heavy penalty upon the offence."

The Washington correspondent of *The Journal of Commerce* says:

"One or two resolutions have been offered in Congress, calling for information on the subject of the recent importation of African slaves into Southern States.

"It is stated that the parties to the late importation, with which the Wanderer has been connected, have avowed the act, and will defend it, relying probably upon obstacles in public opinion, within the districts where the cases must be tried, for impunity, in case of conviction.

"In a letter addressed, some months ago, by C. V. L. Lamar, of Savannah, to the Secretary of the Treasury, in reply to his reasons for refusing a clearance to the ship Richard Colden, the writer remarks, concerning the law prohibiting the slave trade, as follows: 'It is a badge of servitude, a brand of reprobation, and not only would I not sustain it, but, as I have told you frankly from the first, I intend to violate it, if that should be the only way by which the South can come to right upon this question; and I will reopen the trade in slaves to foreign countries—let your cruisers catch me if they can.' The case of importation which has occurred was not, therefore, unexpected. The writer denounces, in unmeasured terms, the law making the slave trade piracy, treating it as a Northern measure. This is a mistake. It was a Southern measure, and its author, Mr. Charles Fenton Mercer, was a Southern man. Mr. Lamar, in the conclusion of his letter, submits his cause to 'a tribunal higher than the courts'—to public sentiment—that is, of the South."

By Telegraph.

SAVANNAH, Dec. 30, 1858.

The Republican of this morning says that two of the recently imported Africans have been arrested at Macon, and brought to Savannah. They were en route to South-Western Georgia.

The Wanderer case was continued to-day. Captain Christy was called and testified that, on Dec. 2, he went from Brunswick to Jekyl Island, and saw negroes landed by unknown white men. He supposed the number was 300. Some of them were put on his steamer and conveyed fourteen miles above Savannah. Other witnesses were sworn, but the testimony was unimportant. The case was then adjourned in consequence of the illness of one of the prisoners.

ESCAPE OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE FROM A VESSEL IN BOSTON HARBOR.

From The Boston Bee, Dec. 29.

THE city was not a little electrified yesterday on hearing that a fugitive slave had made good his escape and was on his way to that land of freedom—Canada. The facts of the affair are these: The brig William Purrington arrived at this port from Wilmington, N. C., on Monday. While lying in the Narrows, Sunday night, a negro slave had secreted himself on board the ship, and was not discovered until some way on the passage. Upon finding him on board, the captain determined to carry him back, and spent about a week in attempting to beat into Wilmington again. Head winds prevented him from returning to that port, and he next tried to put into Norfolk, Virginia. He was also prevented from reaching there by head winds, and accordingly sailed for Boston, his destination. The vessel experienced a hard passage, and, last week, was obliged to put into Holmes's Hole, where she lay several days, weather bound. While she was lying there, the captain sent information to the owners in this city, Messrs. Adams & Williams, that the fugitive was on board, and expressed his determination to send the slave back, adding in effect that he would shoot the first man who came on board the vessel to help him away, or the negro himself, if necessary. The fact that a freedom-lover was on board soon spread abroad in our city, and parties immediately interested themselves in behalf of the fugitive. A writ of habeas corpus was issued by Judge Russell, of the Police Court, and placed in the hands of Deputy-Sheriff Francis O. Irish, and at six o'clock Monday evening Mr. Irish, accompanied by Judge Russell, together with about a dozen of the Judge's friends and a posse of harbor policemen, proceeded down the harbor and boarded the William Purrington, which was lying near Lovell's Island, for the purpose of removing the slave. The party was also accompanied by one of the owners of the vessel, who went down for the purpose of restraining the captain from any acts of violence. They made known their errand to Captain Bryant, who gave attentive ear. He replied that there was no runaway "nigger" on board his vessel, but that a "nigger" was found stowed away after leaving Wilmington, and remained on board until the night of Sunday last, when he was suddenly missing soon after coming to anchor in the Narrows. The captain presumed the fellow swam ashore with the aid of a plank, which was also missing from the deck of the vessel. During some further conversation the captain remarked that he had made up his mind to blow the "nigger's" brains out if any one came on board to molest him, as it was a hanging offence out South to carry off a "nigger." Judge Russell remarked that he would be little better off by returning to the South, as it was a hanging offence here to shoot a white man. The captain didn't continue the conversation, and the party soon left.

The colored man escaped, as alleged, upon a plank, during which he suffered no little in the water, his hands and feet having been frozen. On reaching shore he was well cared for by his friends. The necessary preparations having been made, he proceeded to Canada. According to the mate of the brig, the vessel left the river on the 4th inst., and on the morning of the 6th, during the mate's watch, a negro was found stowed away in the steward's pantry. He was ordered out, and asked where he came from, and to whom he belonged. He replied that his name was Philip Smith, and that he belonged to the widow Smith. He said he had been on board the vessel ten days when discovered, having visited the brig when she was loading in the river, and hid himself in the pantry on board. The mate immediately told Captain Bryant of the presence of the slave, when the captain gave orders for the vessel to return and land the negro. They bore up for Norfolk with a W. S. W. wind, and had got within five miles of that port when the wind changed to N., and blew a gale which drove the vessel far out to sea. After being knocked about in the gale for three days, it moderated, and they again bore up for the southern coast, and made Cape Charles, but could not reach Norfolk on account of the head wind. Although the captain was very desirous to land the negro, as he wished to escape being made amenable to the laws of North Carolina in carrying away a fugitive slave, yet he was compelled by head winds and a scarcity of provisions to relinquish his object, and accordingly put away for Boston. The vessel arrived off this harbor on Sunday night, and while coming up she went ashore on Lovell's Island. While the vessel was ashore, and before sunrise, the slave jumped for the land, and before he was missed he had made good his escape from the island by hailing a passing sloop, which took him on board and brought him up to the city. The trip was both vexatious and expensive. Instead of a week, the vessel was twenty days on the passage, which increased his expenses about $200. The crew of the vessel was made up entirely of colored men. While at Holmes's Hole, Capt. Bryant went ashore and purchased a pair of irons to keep the slave safely.

POLITICS IN THE OLD DOMINION.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

LYNCHBURG, VA., Monday, Dec. 27, 1858.

Many sound Democrats in the Old Dominion comment very freely on the inconsistency displayed by Mr. Buchanan in recommending the forcible occupation of Sonora and Chihuahua, while he justified the course of Commodore Paulding in arresting Walker in Punta Arenas twelve months ago. In this latter policy he was fully sustained by the voice of the Old Dominion, but his recent scheme of filibusterism finds no favor here, even amongst his most ardent supporters. The glaring inconsistency which he exhibits on these two questions is assumed as cause enough for a disapproval of his late recommendation in regard to Sonora and Chihuahua, while, in any event, this policy of usurpation would not be approved. The great body of the Democratic party of Virginia—all, in fact, save the office holders and their immediate friends—decidedly disapprove of the general tone of the President's Message. They say that a document more federal in its tone and character has not appeared since the days of the elder Adams. Not even its strong filibustering phase, nor its comprehensive policy with reference to Cuba and Central America, could suffice to blind the Southern people to this radical error in its composition. I have heard a distinguished gentleman remark that Mr. Buchanan gave evident indications in this Message of a disposition to return to his first love; and I can safely assert that had the Message appeared before the late Democratic Convention in this State, the murmurings of disapproval which are now heard would have found expression in a more marked and unequivocal form. The course of our delegation in Congress, with reference to it, is watched with considerable interest, particularly by rival aspirants who are jealous of the protracted tenure which seems to be the rule of incumbency in Virginia in matters of Federal representation. Especially is there a desire to ascertain the position of John Letcher, upon the different subjects embraced in the Message. He is the chosen standard-bearer of the Virginia Democracy in the forthcoming Gubernatorial contest, and his views upon these subjects must necessarily in some degree affect the issue of this struggle. Thus far he has withheld his letter of acceptance of the nomination, doubtless because of the embarrassed position in which he finds himself—a position rendered still more embarrassing by the calls which have been made upon him by some of the leading Presses of the State for an expression of opinion on certain delicate topics embraced in the President's Message. The Whigs are no less eager to hear from him, believing that his avowals will furnish a substantial basis for an opposition rally.

Three years ago no man could have anticipated such a degree of toleration as is now exhibited in the discussion of questions affecting the slave interests of Virginia and the South. Hundreds—aye, thousands—who, during the last Presidential campaign, would have esteemed a mere intimation of a purpose on their part to support Fremont a gross impeachment upon their honor, and have refuted the charge at a sacrifice of their lives, now unreservedly express their willingness to unite with any party for the overthrow of Democracy. They make no concealment of their readiness to coalesce with the Northern Republicans in the hope of accomplishing that end; for, after all, they say that the "Squatter Sovereignty" principle of Douglas, whom they set down as reflecting the opinion of the majority of the party, is no less obnoxious to Southern interests than the Republican doctrine of "no more slave territory." The difference, however, they are willing to disregard in view of the object to be attained. Rest assured, therefore, that with any man but Seward as the Republican nominee in 1860, a large Southern vote will be secured by that party in the coming Presidential contest. The nomination of John Letcher in Virginia is of itself a strong indication that the pro-slavery ardor is fast abating in the Old Dominion. The presentation of such a man three years ago as the Democratic nominee for the Governorship would have given the death blow to Democratic ascendancy in Virginia. But now he is looked upon as unexceptionable—a fact which can only be accounted for in the lapse or progress—whichever it is—of public sentiment to his standard of opinion on the slavery question. It is the mountain going to Mahomet, for it is generally presumed that, however Mr. Letcher may have modified his sentiments in deference to the demands of a factious minority, he is nevertheless firm in his opinion "that slavery is a social and political evil." Such was his opinion in 1847, and those who seem to know him well entertain the belief that such is his opinion to-day. At all events the growing toleration in regard to opinions adverse to the peculiar institution is marked and unequivocal. In 1860 it will be developed in a still greater degree; and Virginia Whigs and Northern Republicans will be found working harmoniously together for the overthrow of Democracy.

The Whigs in this State are determined to engage in another conflict with their old enemies, and secure, if possible, an ascendancy in the State Government. They are holding meetings in most of the counties throughout the Commonwealth, and appointing delegates to a nominating Convention to be held, as is supposed, in Richmond, in the early part of February. So far, the opinions of the majority of the press in that interest lean in favor of the nomination of the Hon. Wm. Ballard Preston for Governor, but whether he will accept, in view of the certainty of his defeat, is questionable.

But this Whig movement is designed not so much with reference to State ascendency as the reorganization of the party for the Presidential contest in 1860. This is a necessary, nay, an indispensable preliminary to a coalition, for without organization there would be nothing tangible or material to present on this side upon which to base a claim for patronage in the event of Republican ascendency. After the organization is complete, it

refreshing to find that he sometimes departed from this language. He callls the British soldiers "red coats"; Gen. Putnam, "Old Put"; talks of "kicking up some dust in New England," and "making a rumpus in Massachusetts"; complains that men are nominated for high places "who are not fit to be shoe-blacks"; speaks of "the rascally tories," and talks of "the scoundrel from Marblehead"; but, in general, his style is plain, business-like, without fancy or figure of speech, or even of wrath. It is not grass, that you pick up by handfuls growing in the fields, but hay, which you pull down from the mow in the barn, ready for use.

Washington had not much imagination. He had a great understanding, and uncommon common sense; that admirable balance of faculties which we call good judgment—the power of seeing the most expedient way of doing what must be done; a quality I find more rare than what we call genius. Yet his understanding was not of wide range, but limited to a few principles that pertain to practical affairs. Although thus gifted, he was not a great originator. I think he invented nothing, discovered nothing—in politics, war, or agriculture. He was a soldier sixteen years. I do not find that he advanced anything new in military affairs. He sat in the Virginia Assembly of Burghesses, in the Continental Congress, and in the Convention to frame the Constitution; but I do not find that he brought forward any new idea, or even proposed a new measure. He was eight years President, and left behind him no more marks of originating, inventive talent.

But he was a good organizer; naturally systematic, industrious, regular, by early habit, he had the art to make things take the orderly shape to serve the purpose he had in view. Thus, his large farm was organized with masterly skill. In the French and Indian wars, he took the raw material and organized it into companies and regiments, making a snug little army. In the war of the Revolution he did the same thing, on a larger scale and under greater difficulties than before. He laid out the plan of a battle with great good sense. I think there was no originality in his mode. He followed the old schemes, and always took abundant counsel. As President, he had much of this organizing work to attend to, and it was admirably done; but with the help of John Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay, and other great men. He had a masterly talent for laying his hands on great men and setting them to do their proper work, and of knowing when it was well done. He did not invent, but found out who could invent, and knew when he discovered the right thing. His great talent was that of administration. He had that rare combination of judgment, capacity and courage which made him able to manage all things well. He was fond of details; no little thing was too minute for his delicate eye.

Some pleasant anecdotes were told in illustration of this trait of character, one of which was to the effect that Washington, distrusting the capacity of the negro to be a good soldier, or, at any rate, to be placed on guard, one night put on an unmilitary coat and advanced to a colored sentry, and heard the challenge, "Who goes there?" "A friend." "Friend, advance, without arms, and give the countersign." Washington said "Roxbury." "No, sare." "Medford." "No, sare." "Boston." "No, sare. I tell you what, Massa Washington, no man go by here without he say *Cambridge*" (laughter and applause). Washington said "Cambridge," and passed by, but gave orders that the colored man should be relieved of his duties as sentinel after that.

He administered his farm with nice and rare economy. His day-books show what all the men were doing at home each day. With the same skill he administered the affairs of the army in the French and Indian war, and, on a greater scale, the affairs of the Revolutionary war. The more you look at the fact, the more you are astonished at the difficulty of his position, and the more you are amazed at the consummate skill with which he administered his humble means, material and human, and at the grand results he brought to pass.

He was not a brilliant commander. He never fought a brilliant campaign, and only one brilliant battle—that of Trenton. But I do not think that Alexander or Cæsar, that Napoleon, or even Hannibal, had more administrative skill, save only in this—he lacked the power of making rapid concentrations upon the field of battle. He must think it all over, draw it on paper, and plan his movements, and fix the place for his troops. Hence he was successful only in attacks, and not equally able when the assault was made on him. He had a far-sighted judgment; in much time he prepared and wrought for much time. He had military talent, not genius for war.

As President, he administered the political affairs of the nation with the same skill, the same patience in details, the same comprehensive diligence. He was a man of judgment, not genius. In all important matters, he required every Cabinet officer to write out a complete report in the case which was presented to him, and to tell what measures he thought ought to be adopted; then, studying all these carefully, he made up his mind, after a thorough knowledge of the facts, and getting the opinion of three or four able men.

But the superiority of Washington was not in intellect. He was always surrounded by men who were greatly his superior in mental force. His excellence was moral. He had that admirable balance of the moral powers which is to virtue what good sense is to intellect. One of the most cautious of men, he was not morally enthusiastic or transcendental. There was no "moonshine" in his moral, more than in his military character. His virtue was not

——"Too fair and good
For human nature's daily food."

His natural temptations, I think, did not incline him much to the vices of passion in his youth, for he was of that stern and austere make that leads to asceticism rather than to indulgence. He wrote in his copy-book at the age of thirteen, "Labor to keep alive in your hearts that spark of celestial fire called conscience." In few hearts did it ever burn with steadier or more constant flame. Yet he was a man, not an ascetic. He had a nice love of order, a quick instinct for decorum. This appears in his note-books, in the accuracy of his diagrams as a surveyor, in the clear, round hand, and hard, lucid style of his writings, in the regularity of his habits, in the stately deportment that marked him in the camp, in the crowd, and in the Senate of the nation. Yet, if you look carefully, you find more order in things and less order in thought. He was accurate in his accounts, punctual in regard to time, orderly in all things.

He had a great power of wrath. Inheriting the high, quick temper of his mother, in youth he was "sudden and quick in quarrel"; in middle life his wrath was tremendous, sometimes getting vent in words, sometimes in blows. He never overcome this. Jefferson tells us of one occasion on which the President was much inflamed, and got into one of those fits of passion, and called a certain man a "rascal" (I do not think he *mis*-called him), and said, "By —— I had rather be in my grave than in my present situation." Hamilton, who worshipped him in public, and led him behind the scenes, complains that in the later years of the Revolutionary war, his temper greatly offended the officers.

There are some men who find great fault with Washington for this. I do not love a man for losing his temper; but I have lived too long, and seen too many men, to suppose that when men fire cannon, they dip their Pope's head in holy water to swab them out, and utter benedictions before touching off their piece! (Laughter.) It is with great passions that men fight great wars; and when I find a great man, I expect him to be great all round, in his material basis as well as in his mental superstructure. But it is rather a refreshing fact to find that this cool, cautious, diplomatic man, could once in a while swear (laughter and loud applause).

By nature and education he had strong love of approbation; he was greedy of applause. Proof of that you find in all his life; but yet, in all his manly public life, as legislator, general, President, you cannot find a single instance in which he courted popularity. An office always sought him—he never it. In no instance did he ever stoop his proud head to shun abuse, or to pick up favor out of the mire where the mob and politicians tread with unclean feet. Admirers were about him—he could not help that; but there was no place for a flatterer; and in all his public addresses, in his official letters, in his private letters, in his journals, in his writings, in his familiar talk, there is no evidence that he ever referred to himself, or alluded to any great or good deed he ever did. After 1790, the eyes of the nation, yea, the eyes of the world, were on the noblest man in it. His eye was on the nation and on God's eternal right; it was not on George Washington, or his great deeds. Popularity—it is the boy's bonfire in the street; Merit—it is the heavenly light of sun, moon, and stars, which never sets, and asks no favor of any man.

Washington was courageous. He had that animal courage which laughs at danger and despises fear. This was tempered with caution; it was a discreet valor, that did not waste its strength. But he had that high moral courage which dares confront perils worse than whistling bullets, upholds a righteous cause, though ever so unpopular, and fears nothing so much as to do wrong. When defeated, he still bore up, "bating no jot of heart or hope," and wrote home, "Our cause is so good, God will not permit it to fail."

The highest moral quality is integrity—faithfulness to conviction and delegated trust. That is the crowning virtue, and Washington had it in the highest degree. Here I know not who is his superior. In the whole range of American history I find no superior. I cannot put my finger upon a single act of his public or private life which would detract from this high praise. He did get angry, he did swear. Let him do so; he kept his integrity, and if he did wrong in his wrath, he asked the man's forgiveness when the wrath was over. He had no subtlety, no cunning, no duplicity. He hated liars—it was a great merit. He withdrew from Jefferson when he found him fraudulent, and from his secretary, Mr. Lee, whom he loved as his own brother, when he found him false to some small trust. He would not give Aaron Burr an office, because, "although he has got a great intellect, he is an intriguer."

There was nothing little, nothing mean in him. There was nothing selfish in his ambition. He rises above the most of men about him, in the camp, in the cabinet, as the tall pine tree above the little bushes at its foot. Some of the officers of the army, aided by monarchical men in the States, wanted to make Washington King, but he pushed the crown away from him with conscientious horror. In all the history of mankind, where do you find such an example of forbearance? a triumphant soldier refusing power, preferring to go back and till his ground!

"His means were honest as his ends."

I must say a word of his religious character, for that is the great deep thing in him. Here there appears the same peculiarity as in his intellectual and moral character. He had much of the principle, little of the sentiment of religion. He was more moral than he was pious. In early life, a certain respect for ecclesiastical forms made him a vestryman at two churches. This respect for outward forms, with ministers and reporters for newspapers, very often passes for the substance of religion. It does not appear that Washington took a deep and spontaneous delight in religious emotions, more than in poetry, in works of art, or in the beauty of nature. But he had devout reverence for the First Cause of all things—a deep, a sublime and unfailing trust in that Providence which watches over the affairs of nations and of men, and is sure to give the just the ultimate victory. I find his religion in his stern determination to do his duty to his God, with his habitual reverence for that holy name. In the last years of his life, from 1776 to the time of his death, he partook of the Lord's Supper but once. Ministers have taken their revenge for the omission, and have denied his religious character. It is not easy to ascertain in detail his theological opinions, for these he kept to himself. In one of his addresses he speaks of the "pure and benign light of revelation," and of "the Divine Author of our blessed religion." Silence is a figure of speech, and in the later years of his life, I suppose his theological opinions were those of John Adams, Dr. Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, only he was not a speculative man, and did not care to publish them to the world.

Anxious to claim him for the Christian Church, ministers have rested his Christian character on the fact that he whipped men for swearing, that he had prayers in Fort Necessity in 1754, was a vestryman in his youth, and once in high office, attended the Communion, and partook of what is called the Sacrament. If they are satisfied with such proof, I am content; but I find the proof of Washington's religion in his veraciousness, in his abhorrence of falsehood, in that moral courage which never failed him, and in that masterly integrity, where he stands superior to the rest of mankind. Above all, I find it in his relation to the nation's greatest crime. He was born a slaveholder, he was brought up with slavery all about him, slaves fell to him by marriage, the entailed property of his wife. Washington wished to get rid of it, but could not. The African slave trade was thought as honorable as dealing in land, cotton, wheat or oil. Washington always disliked slavery; thought it wrong, wicked.

In June, 1774, he was chairman of the committee that drafted the Fairfax Resolves, and they declared that no slaves ought to be imported into any of the British colonies on this continent. They express their wish to have an entire stop put forever to this "wicked, cruel and unnatural work." When Lafayette bought a plantation on one of the French islands, for the purpose of emancipating the slaves, Washington wrote to him—"I should be happy to join you in so noble a work. Would to God a like spirit would infuse itself into the minds of the people of Virginia! But I despair of it. By degrees it might be done. Decidedly, it ought to be effected, and that by the legislative authority." He sought to promote the emancipation of all slaves in Virginia. This could not be done. At last, by his will, he sets free all his own bondmen, their deliverance to take place at the death of his wife—it could not before; and he charges his executors to see that this clause respecting the slaves be religiously fulfilled, without evasion, neglect or delay. Here he was superior to his age; here I find proof of his religious character. If Christianity be more than one of the humbugs imposed upon a groaning world, it is because it teaches a religion which consists in piety, the natural love of God, and morality, the natural keeping of his laws; and if piety and morality be religion, then who shall dare to charge Washington with lack of Christianity? Ministers who fawn upon wickedness, and statesmen who enact iniquity into law! Before he left the earth, he wrenched the fetters from off each bondman's foot, and as he began his flight to heaven, he dropped them into the bottomless pit—where they who seek, perhaps may find! (Applause.)

After stating some facts to show that Washington, although in character as much a New Englander as Franklin or either Adams, yet could not understand New England and the equality which existed here among all classes, Mr. Parker said: I have heard it stated that Washington was not a great soldier. Certainly, he created an army out of the roughest material, and outgeneralled everything that Britain sent against him; and in the midst of poverty, in the midst of opposition, organized victory. He was not brilliant nor rapid; he was slow, defensive, and victorious. He knew how to make an empty bag stand upright, which Poor Richard says is a hard thing.

Washington is the first man of his type. When will there be another? As yet American rhetoricians do not tell half his excellence, because they are afraid the people cannot comprehend it. Cromwell was the greatest Anglo-Saxon that ever ruled on a large scale. In intellect he was superior to Washington, in integrity immeasurably below him. Washington never dissembled—he sought nothing for himself; in him there is no unsound spot, save his wrath, and that is hardly unsound—rather a protuberance than a weak spot. There is nothing little or mean in his character. The whole was clean and presentable. I think better of mankind because he lived, enriching the earth with a life so full of humanity. Shall we make an idol of him? Worship him with huzzas on Fourth of Julys, and stupid rhetoric the rest of the year? Shall we build him a great monument, and bottom it in a slave pen? They may do it who like. His glory is already writ on the continent! More than two hundred places bear his name. He is entrenched in the great earth-works of America. The people are his monument. The Indians understand him. The New York Indians say Washington alone, of all white men, has been admitted to the Indian heaven. There, opposite the large gate where the good Indians go in, there is, in a great park, a palace which is General Washington's home. There every Indian sees him, with his military coat, and his great hat, and his sword by his side. With reverent homage they salute the great man; he returns the salutation, his hand upon his sword, but says nothing. Such, says the Indian, is his reward from the Great Spirit, for his justice to the red man. God be thanked for such men:

"Souls supreme, in each hard instinct tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride;
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."

The lecture of Mr. Parker occupied one hour and forty minutes, but the large audience listened with unabated interest to the close.

THE NEXT CENSUS.

RELATIVE POWER OF THE SLAVE AND THE FREE STATES.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Dec. 29, 1858.

In a little over a year from this time the eighth census of the United States must be taken, in accordance with the constitutional provision requiring an enumeration of the people every tenth year. The law under which the last census was taken contains a clause giving it vitality again in 1860, unless Congress shall, in the meantime, have otherwise provided for taking the census in that year. Notice has been given in the House of Representatives of a new Census bill, which seems to have for its object to prevent the collection of any data beyond the mere enumeration of the people—thus rejecting all the valuable statistics in regard to manufactures, agricultural and all the varied branches of industry in which our people are engaged.

Certainly if these statistics cannot be promptly compiled and put in shape for reference, they lose much of their value. It is a remarkable fact that there are now engaged, in the Interior Department, a Superintendent and a corps of clerks, compiling statistics collected in 1850; and it is said that years will still be required to finish that work. This is all wrong; and it is to be hoped that Congress will enact some provision which shall limit the time within which all the census statistics must be ready for public use, and exclude from publication—and, far as possible, from collection too—all matter which cannot be made practically available, at least within two years' time. If the statistics of the industrial interests, and of vitality, &c., cannot be thus promptly obtained, it will be far better to confine the Federal Census to the simple enumeration of population, leaving to the States themselves the work of computing the value of products of the soil, and of the various pursuits of their people.

This subject of the Census, and the ratio to be established under it for representation in Congress, is already becoming a matter of speculation among politicians generally, and of special alarm to Southern men. The present House of Representatives is thus divided, sectionally:

	Rep.
Northern or Free States	146
Southern or Slave States	90

What shall be the relative power of the two sections after 1860? It is not difficult to arrive at an estimate which shall approximate very near to accuracy. Let us take as a basis for the calculation of the population of the several States the last popular vote in each. By doing this, and adopting the same ratio as under the last Census, we arrive at the actual increase of strength in the free States during the last eight years.

We cannot well apply this plan of enumeration to the slave States, because the negro element, which enters so largely into their representation, cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy. Enough may be gathered from the following table, however, to prove that during the next decade the free States must have at least two-thirds, if not three-fourths, of members of the lower House of Congress:

STATES.	Number of Votes Polled at the last Election.	Population calculated on the basis of 51.2 people to the vote.	Number of Members of Congress at the present ratio, viz.: 93,000.	Present number of Members.	Gain.	Loss.
Maine	111 493	613,211	6	6	—	—
New Hampshire	71.556	393.558	4	3	1	—
Vermont	52 993	291 489	3	3	—	—
Massachusetts	177,056	973 808	10	11	—	1
Rhode Island	19,819	108.054	1	2	—	1
Connecticut	80 325	441 887	4	4	—	—
New York	597,389	3,285,639	35	33	2	—
New Jersey	99 446	546,553	6	5	1	—
Pennsylvania	460,395	2 532,172	27	25	2	—
Ohio	386,497	2 125,738	23	21	2	—
Indiana	235 431	1,294,870	14	11	3	—
Illinois	251,237	1,382,803	15	9	6	—
Michigan	125.558	690.569	7	4	3	—
Iowa	94.735	521 042	5	2	3	—
Wisconsin	119 512	657.316	7	3	4	—
California	108,458	597,019	6	2	4	—
Total	3,001,905	16,456 123	173	144 31	2	

Minnesota, it is estimated, will have three members after 1860; but, not having yet voted as a State in any general election, is not given in the above list. If, therefore, under the next census the ratio of representation is fixed at say 110,000 instead of 93,000 (in round numbers), as at present, so as to keep the number of Representatives at 233, the House of Representatives after 1860 will be divided as follows:

Representatives of Free States	155
Representatives of Slave States	78

Showing a gain of 9 members to the former and a loss of 12 to the latter.—*N. Y. Times.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

TO DONORS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

New York State Anti-Slavery Convention.

THE Third Annual Anti-Slavery Convention for the State of New York will be held at ALBANY, on MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, January 31, February 1 and 2, 1859.

This Convention, held under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and of annual recurrence, is important, not only for its local effect, but, through representatives in attendance, and members of the Legislature, is designed to reach all parts of the State. At no previous period since the commencement of the Anti-Slavery struggle has there been a more pressing need of united, earnest and untiring effort for the immediate and entire abolition of chattel slavery. While the great question, in some of its aspects, is now more widely and earnestly discussed than heretofore, it is also true that the aggregate number of slaves was never before so large, and never so rapidly increasing; that besides the revolting features of domestic slave-breeding, and the inter-State slave trade, the African slave trade is now virtually reopened; that heroic fugitives may still be hunted, with impunity, and their friends persecuted, fined and imprisoned upon the soil of New York; that the schemes of slave propagandism, by those "in authority," were never more threatening, bold and defiant.

Let the friends of impartial liberty, throughout the State, spare no efforts to render this Convention, in character and influence, such as the exigencies of the cause demand. Give, if possible, your personal presence, your friendly counsel and cooperation. Let every County in the State be represented by one or more delegates.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, PARKER PILLSBURY, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, AARON M. POWELL, and other speakers, will be in attendance.

The Convention will be held in ASSOCIATION HALL, the opening session on Monday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

"THE INDEPENDENT" IN DEFENCE OF SLAVEHOLDING.

OUR readers are aware, through statements and quotations made at various times in THE STANDARD, that while Dr. Cheever, as "Special Contributor" to *The Independent*, has been showing the existence of a pro-slavery character and the prosecution of a pro-slavery policy on the part of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the editorial columns of the same paper have been actively supporting that Board, representing its position as satisfactory and correct, and urging contributions to its treasury, and seeking to excuse the free admission of slaveholders to its Churches by a line of defence which often went to the extreme of deceptive disingenuousness, and sometimes came to the point of direct falsehood.

We propose now to show, by ample quotation from the language of the Cherokee and Choctaw missionaries (as given in the Annual Reports of the Board) and from the acquiescence of the Board in the continuance of the course of policy indicated in that language, that both these parties hold a pro-slavery (and thus an anti-Christian) position.

The missionaries favor slavery in a three-fold manner; first, by entirely abstaining from the rebuke of slavery, though an aggravated form of that wickedness is prosperous and flourishing in the very region where they pretend to exercise the function of ministers of the Gospel; next, by taking, and openly proclaiming that they will continue to take, the men who are stained with that wickedness into full membership in their Churches; and, lastly, by appealing to the Christian Scriptures in justification of this course of policy, and claiming God's approval for it, thus perverting that very Christianity of which they pretend to be the ministers, and teaching another heathenism to the people whom they claim to have converted from heathenism. Here is their language:

Extracts from the letter of the Cherokee missionaries on slavery, signed by Elizur Butler, *Moderator*, and S. A. Worcester, *Clerk*:

"In regard to the question of rejecting any person from the Church *simply* because he is a *slaveholder*, we cannot for a moment hesitate. For (1) we regard it as *certain* that *the Apostles, who are our patterns, did receive slaveholders to the communion of the Church*; and we have not yet been able to perceive any such difference between their circumstances and ours as to justify us in departing from their practice in this respect. And (2) our general rule is to receive all to our communion who give evidence that they love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; and we cannot doubt that *many slaveholders do give such evidence.*

"Nor can we even make it a test of piety, or a condition of admission to the privileges of the Church, that a candidate *should express a determination not to live and die a slaveholder.*"—39th Annual Report, 1848, p. 98.

"*Occasional* exchanges of masters are so *inseparable from the existence of slavery* that the Churches could not consistently receive slaveholders to their communion at all, and *at the same time forbid all such exchanges.* We regard it, therefore, as IMPOSSIBLE TO EXERCISE DISCIPLINE FOR THE BUYING OR SELLING OF SLAVES, except in flagrant cases of manifest disregard to the welfare of the slave."—p. 94.

"In regard to the separation of parents and children, we must first remark, that it is one of those things which are not forbidden by any *express* INJUNCTION OF SCRIPTURE." * * * "It is impossible, in our circumstances, to make it a general rule that the separation of parents and children, by sale or purchase, shall be regarded as a disciplinable offence."—pp. 94, 95.

Extracts from the letter of the Choctaw missionaries on slavery, signed by C. KINGSBURY, ALFRED WRIGHT, CYRUS BYINGTON, E. HOTCHKIN, C. C. COPELAND, DAVID BREED, Jr., H. K. COPELAND and D. H. WINSHIP, with a signature of dissent from J. C. STRONG:

"We feel that the Bible contains all that we have need to know or teach. And we prefer TO USE THE PLAIN LANGUAGE OF THE BIBLE, just as it is, UPON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY."—Ib. p. 98.

"We wish to touch briefly on the history of our connection with slavery. *We have been and are connected with it in two ways*; by employing slaves as laborers, and by admitting them *and their masters to the Church.*"—p. 98.

"Several masters have given evidence of piety, and were received into the Church, BECAUSE THE APOSTLES HAVE SET US PLAIN EXAMPLES."—p. 100.

"As a civil relation, it [slavery] exists by virtue of the constitution and laws of the land. We are taught in the Bible our duties as citizens. It may be deemed our duty by some to adopt a train of measures, which shall *aim in their object* directly to countervail the whole system, and in the end undermine the entire fabric which human legislation has framed in regard to slavery. *We do not feel that we are required to adopt such a course.* Nor do we regard this as our work."—Ib.

"As slavery, with various modifications, has, for a long time, had an existence *in the Church of God*, it is proper for US TO INQUIRE HOW THE SERVANTS OF THE LORD IN OLD TIME WERE TAUGHT BY HIM, AS WELL AS HOW THEY CONDUCTED IN REGARD TO IT."—p. 101.

The Cherokee and Choctaw missionaries have held this ground, acted upon it ever since 1848, when these letters were published. And yet the Board continue, to this day, to employ and support, to recommend and endorse them, as Christian missionaries, as ministers of the Gospel.

To approach more nearly to an adequate conception of the guilt of the American Board of Foreign Missions in this matter, we must bear in mind the following facts.

1. The Cherokee and Choctaw Indians were slaveholders when the Board first established their missions there. The Board knew that they were sending their missionaries—that is, the men who were to execute *their* work, and to represent the character of *their* association, and also to represent Christianity—into the midst of slaveholders. They knew perfectly well that the question would come up whether the religious system which those missionaries were to teach would favor slavery or oppose slavery. And yet they left them without a word of direction, or even of suggestion as to how they should meet this momentous question. This does not justify, nor in the slightest degree extenuate, the pro-slavery course which the missionaries pursued; it was their imperative duty to make it clear to the ignorant and vicious people among whom they were laboring that slaveholding was no more permitted by the Christian system than murder, theft, adultery or drunkenness; they had the whole matter in their own power from the beginning; if they kept these last named vices out of the Church, why did they let slaveholding into it? If they let slaveholding in, why did they keep these out? They are as utterly inexcusable as a Hindoo missionary would be who should expressly reserve to his converts the right of worshipping Juggernaut.

But equally inexcusable is the conduct of the Board, in not helping their missionaries to be faithful in this important matter by express instruction, warning and admonition, addressed to this very point. They knew not only that slaveholding was a prominent and easily besetting sin of the heathen people in question, but that, in neighboring regions, the Christian name also was prostituted to the allowance of it. It was their imperative duty to have fortified their missionaries beforehand against this danger; to have lightened the odium which Christian faithfulness would assuredly have brought upon them, by express instructions and an absolute prohibition of complicity with slaveholding or toleration of it for one moment in their Church-communion. This was the Board's *first* violation of duty in this matter.

2. After the missionaries had entered into complicity with slavery by *holding* slaves, and *hiring* slaves, and *freely admitting slaveholders into their Churches, without a word of protest against the system*, the Board still kept silence. They made no objection to either of these forms of sin. And the whole history of the transaction shows *why* they made no objection! It was because they *felt* none! It was because they were perfectly willing to see slavery taken under the protection of their Churches, and to see the Christian name abused to the extent of becoming its bulwark! They remained silent and indifferent, even after this wickedness had been exposed to the public gaze by the Abolitionists; and it was not until the subsequent echoing of this remonstrance by some of their own contributors, who had been converted by the Abolitionists, that they did anything whatever in the premises. Their silence gave consent to the sin, as long as it was possible to remain silent.

3. When they were forced, by the increased number of remonstrances from their contributors, and the prospective danger of withdrawal of contributions, to do *something* in regard to slavery, that something was manifestly directed to a removal of the reproach, and of the agitation consequent upon it, rather than of the sin. It was plain, alike from what the Board did then and from what they had refrained from doing before, that they did not care for the oppression suffered by the slaves, nor for the sin of authenticating that oppression by the admission of its perpetrators to their Churches. They wanted merely that which would serve to avert agitation, and to continue the contribution of cash to their coffers. They wanted, in relation to slavery, just what their dear brother William A. Hallock, Secretary of the Tract Society, wanted in relation to the rejection, by that body, of Rev. Samuel Wolcott's tract, entitled, "The Sin of Oppression"—namely, "TO LET THE MATTER REST WITHOUT NOISE"! We say they *wanted* only this, because they *acted* as if they wanted nothing else. And this is what they did.

When it was no longer possible to keep silence without losing men and money, the Board changed its line of policy, and used pious talk instead of silent indifference as a shield against agitation. Their Prudential Committees, and their Special Committees, and their Special Agents, between the years 1844 and 1850 wrote voluminously (though by no means luminously) about slavery—"*about* it, and *about* it." They specially avoided giving *instructions* or *directions* to their missionaries, but they made an immense amount of pious dissertation, exhortation and amplification, into which were infused all sorts of remonstrances, queries, hints, suggestions and insinuations, which plainly meant—like the whispered stage "aside," the wink, or the nudge, which the double-dealer privately gives to one party, while the other side of his face presents a profound seriousness to the other parties concerned and to the throng of spectators—"*Can't you get this confounded thing out of the way?*" They mixed these substantial and designed-to-be-effective ingredients of their communications (varied by fine shades of gradation from open remonstrance to wink-like suggestion) with an immense mass of plausible matter adapted to quiet the doubts of their own remonstrants and of the public. They wrote pages upon pages of indefinite pious phraseology, and as much more of pious phraseology particularly directed to the subject of slavery. They wrote against slavery very hard and severe things, indeed almost everything that was bad, *except the decision that it was unfit for admission to the Christian Church.* They used again and again language which would have been quite sufficient for the utter condemnation of slavery, *if it had not gone side by side with the suggestion of excuses for that sin, and the express admission that the pro slavery missionaries were, after all, to have their own way in the matter, and take as many slaveholders into their Churches as they chose.*

There were, however, two classes of pro-slavery men who were dissatisfied with this double-barrelled arrangement of the Reports of the Board. The more ignorant and stupid of the slaveholding church-members of the South were not satisfied to have any alloy of anti-slavery talk mixed with the liberal allowance of pro-slavery life and practice which the Board had conceded to them. They wanted their "peculiar institution" praised as well as allowed, and they took umbrage at those pious generalities of the Board which spoke ill of slavery in the very act of allowing it. The complaints of these people (who were so stupid as not to know, or so ungrateful as not to care, that the Board was doing the very utmost in its power for them), enforced by the complaints of the missionaries themselves, brought out a new statement from the Board in 1849, defining its own position.

The missionaries also took umbrage, and not without reason, at the wounds which had thus been given them in the house of their friends. They knew that the Board, *which itself included slaveholders among its members*, had no intrinsic objection then, any more than formerly, to their admission of slaveholders to the mission Churches; they knew that the pious talk against slavery in the Annual Reports was put there only "for Buncombe," and was brought out only by the pertinacious inquiries and remonstrances of a small minority of the contributors to its funds; and they very naturally felt aggrieved at the large amount of verbal *censure* of slavery which the Board had incorporated with its continued *allowance* of slavery. Therefore they also complained, and in the Annual Report for 1849, the Board published the following explanatory and deprecatory clauses. The *italics* are those of the Report.

"The letter sent by Mr. Treat to the mission had not that authoritative character which some have attributed to it. It expressed *opinions*, then and still entertained by the Committee; but not in a form which made those opinions *decisions*, or *instructions*. The Committee have given no *instructions* to the missionaries in relation to slavery; they say expressly that they address their brethren '*with suggestions and arguments.*' The distinction between suggestions, opinions and arguments, on the one hand, and decisions, rules and instructions, on the other, though necessarily familiar to the conductors of missions, seems to have been overlooked by some who have written on this subject." p. 72.

* * * * * * * * *

"This distinction is vital to the proper understanding of Mr. Treat's letter to the Choctaw mission; and for want of attention to it very erroneous constructions have been put upon that letter. With this practical distinction in view, moreover, it will be seen that the Committee and the Secretaries have done nothing inconsistent with the letter or spirit of the two fundamental principles recognized by the Board at Brooklyn; namely, that credible evidence of piety is the only thing to be required for admission into the Churches gathered among the heathen; and that missionaries and their Churches are the rightful and exclusive judges as to the sufficiency of this evidence." Ib.

* * * * * * * * *

"Nor have the Committee preferred any '*charges*' against the mission. On the contrary, they would repeat the sentiment in the letter of Mr. Treat, expressing their undiminished 'confidence in the integrity and faithfulness of these servants of Christ.'" Ib.

The first of these paragraphs is an admission, on the part of the Board, that the pious talk unfavorable to slavery in their Reports was *merely* talk, and not designed or expected to modify the action of the pro-slavery missionaries.

The second paragraph gives us the theory by which the Board undertake to justify their tolerance of slaveholders in the Mission Churches. They, the Board (they say), are not the persons to examine and decide upon the claims of candidates for membership in the Mission Churches! Oh! no, certainly not! "The missionaries and their Churches are the rightful and exclusive judges" of that matter; and so, if a missionary and his Church, in a slaveholding country, mutually agree that slavery shall be supported by the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, the Board must acquiesce, however different may be their *opinion!* Say you so, gentlemen of the Board? Then answer us this question. If a missionary and his Church, in Hindostan, shall agree together to admit to church-membership those who annually join in the Juggernaut procession, and claim it as a Christian right still to do so, will you *then* content yourself merely with the expression of an adverse *opinion?* Will you *then* refrain from giving *instructions*, while at the same time you continue the pecuniary support of such missionaries and such Churches? We have a right, and the public have a right, to look for a reply to these questions.

The third paragraph above quoted from the 40th Annual Report of the Board contains their full authentication of their pro-slavery missionaries among the Cherokees and Choctaws as *Christian* ministers.

These missionaries had shown as much complaisance in regard to the *suggested* "opinions" of the Board as could reasonably be expected. They had, in an early stage of the controversy, yielded so far as to discontinue slaveholding in their own persons, and to abridge, at considerable sacrifice of personal convenience, the amount of their *hiring* of slave labor. But when it came to having their own peculiar battery of pious talk turned against themselves—when the very bulletins that contained the allowance of their slaveholding Churches were pieced out with whole pages of unpleasant reflections upon the character and influence of slavery—when the very men whom they *knew* to have approved the beginning and the continuance of their pro-slavery work now pointed disparaging "opinions, suggestions and arguments" at them before the eyes of men—they could not bear it! Human nature could hardly be expected to bear it! So, upon the point that slavery, however bad it might be, was good enough to be received into their Churches, they made a firm stand, taking the ground (as we have shown by their own words, written in 1848 and quoted at the commencement of this article)—

1. That slaveholding was authorized by the New Testament.

2. That, therefore, they were fully determined not to make slaveholding a ground either for the expulsion of a church-member or the rejection of a candidate.

3. That they would not exercise discipline in the Church either against the general buying and selling of slaves or the sale of children away from their parents.

4. That they would not adopt any train of measures which should even tend "*in the end*" to overthrow slavery. "*In the end*" is their own italicised expression.

The missionaries, we have said, planted themselves firmly upon this ground. But since the Board—while allowing them to retain this position, and to shelter slavery in the Church as thoroughly as they pleased—continued the practice of using pious *quasi* anti-slavery talk in their Annual Reports, six of the seven Choctaw missionaries, in November, 1855, sent in a letter of resignation. The Prudential Committee of the Board, having really no objection to the position and course of policy of the missionaries, desired them to recall their letter of resignation; and to this request the six missionaries replied, under date of Lenox, Choctaw Nation, Sept. 6th, 1856. The whole letter is given in the *New York Observer* of Dec. 2?, 1858. After rehearsing their pro-slavery ground, the six missionaries say:

"If, *with the foregoing views—which are known by the people among whom we labor*—the Prudential Committee should deem it wise to continue our support, we are willing to try to remain in their service. Accordingly we have estimated our expenses for the ensuing year. If on the other hand the Committe should not think it best to retain us, we shall not expect them to grant us the estimates."

The *Observer* gives the signatures to this document as follows—

C. KINGSBURY,	C. C. COPELAND,
C. BYINGTON,	O. P. STARK,
E. HOTCHKIN,	J. EDWARDS,

and it adds:

"The Prudential Committee took the subject into consideration, and, *with this letter before them, made the usual appropriations.* The missionaries, being thus left at liberty to pursue their work in their own way, have continued to prosecute their labors with their usual success."

The statement of this transaction in the succeeding Annual Report of the Board (for 1856) illustrates so perfectly the pious trickery of reservation, misrepresentation and insinuation with which these documents are made up, that we quote it in full from the 195th page.

In the month of November, four brethren of this mission forwarded a letter to the Missionary House, expressing their wish to be released from their connection with the Board. The Prudential Committee, conceiving that these brethren had misapprehended the true state of the relations existing between them and the Board, directed an answer to this letter to be prepared and forwarded by the Secretary having charge of the correspondence with the Indian missions. A reply to this communication has recently been received, in which the missionaries intimated a willingness to continue their relations to the Board, awaiting the issue of further correspondence. Under these circumstances, the Committee have informed them that, upon receiving their estimates, which they propose forwarding, for the current year, the customary appropriations will be made. The Committee apprehend that a publication of the correspondence pending at the present time would be detrimental to the interests of the mission; experience having shown that, while negotiations are in progress between the Committee and missionaries, a public discussion of the subject tends to hinder the parties from coming to a harmonious result.

Thus, in the ingenious phraseology of this Report, the wish of the Board (like that of the Tract Society, and of the "busines men's prayer-meetings") to let the subject of slavery "rest without noise" is set forth as an apprehension that publicity would be "detrimental to the interests of the mission"; the six missionaries whose names are signed to the letter published by the *Observer* are compressed into "*four* brethren of this mission"; the threat of these "brethren" that they would leave the Board unless its *quasi* anti-slavery talk should be counterbalanced by a distinctly renewed license to their pro-slavery position becomes, by this process of "free translation," a conception of the Prudential Committee that these brethren "had misapprehended the true state of the relations existing between them and the Board"; and finally, that yielding of the Board to the missionaries' demand which closed the negotiation is felicitously veiled by the phrases—"the missionaries intimated a willingness to continue their relations to the Board," and "under these circumstances the Committee have informed them that the customary appropriations will be made."

Lastly, in the Annual Report for 1857,

his Church, in solemn session, convened for the express purpose, should ask him—"Do you hold your slaves *as property?*" And suppose he should promptly reply—"No! I hold them for their good, and in the way I think best fitted to promote their good!" We ask—what is the Church to do about it? What security have the slaves that another of their number will not shortly die "under moderate correction"? And what advantage are they to gain from the investigation (!) at all?

On reviewing the relation of *The Independent* to the missionaries and their employers, the impression made upon us is this. Deep as is the corruption shown by the distinctly pro-slavery position of the missionaries in the Cherokee and Choctaw nations, and of the Board that supports them, the deliberate defence of them by such a paper as *The Independent* presents a more alarming aspect, a more serious danger. The American Board, like the Tract Society, is recognized as an intensely conservative body, fast anchored against change, and thus against improvement. Its faults are clear and manifest, and equally clear and manifest is the duty of opposing these faults, either by agitation within the Board or by withdrawal from it and the establishment of an instrument better fitted to convert men from heathenism to Christianity. But *The Independent* is assumed, by many in our community, to be not only less bigoted and conservative than the Board, but to be actually reformatory, a faithful protestant against error and sin, and the holder of a position in which they may permanently rest, pure and safe within, and faithful in their testimony against evil without. To rest content and self-assured in a position which claims to be progressive and reformatory while it remains vicious, is less hopeful for the future than entanglement in a position yet more vicious, which we recognize as such, and against the corruptions of which we maintain an earnest and active warfare. Alliance with *The Independent* as RIGHT threatens greater danger to the diffusion of Christianity in our country than even the original faults of the Missionary Board and the Tract Society. These committed the great error of heedlessly entering into partnership with sin; but *The Independent* seeks sophistically to bend religion itself to the support of such measure of sin as it cannot raise a present majority to oppose.

THE FINANCIAL ANTI-SLAVERY FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: In answer to the many inquiries constantly made of the friends of the cause, showing how much the public mind is interested respecting the Financial Anti-Slavery Festival, Soirée, Anniversary, Reception, Convention, Drawing-Room, Council, Conversazione, Commemoration, World's Convention—either of which it may be called, since it will, in its nature, be *all* these—will you kindly allow me, through your columns, to say that, *in all probability*, it will be held at the MUSIC HALL, Boston, during a day and evening in JANUARY, hereafter to be determined;

That all our friends *everywhere* are requested to give the pleasure of their company;

That no entrance fee will be permitted, the only offerings to the cause desirable on this occasion being those, whether great or small, that free-will makes worthy of it;

That cards of invitation will be placed at the Anti-Slavery offices and at the Booksellers' shops for the convenience of the guests; and each card, previously inscribed with the name and address of the person presenting it, will insure a cordial reception;

That cloak-rooms will be arranged to save the guests the risk of remaining in their street dress in a warmed and lighted apartment;

That the *evening* invitations will be issued for half-past 7 o'clock; but the guests will be welcome at any moment during the evening, and a short visit gladly received if a long one is impossible on account of other engagements; (respecting the day-arrangements, further notice hereafter;)

That all who are prevented from being present in person, especially friends from the South, are entreated to accompany their subscriptions by a short letter, that may give information and encouragement to their Northern coadjutors in this great work of national progress and improvement;

That, while renewing the invitation to all, this occasion, as an opportunity for subscription merely, is *exclusively* commended to those who have never habitually subscribed elsewhere; to those who are just beginning to appreciate the importance of the cause that has done so much for their benefit, without their having, as yet, made a pecuniary contribution to promote it; to those whose political path it has lighted, till they feel the obligation *to feed the lamp*; to those who have hitherto contributed by purchase, and who are now relied upon to continue their aid by donation, in the assurance that half the sum they may have annually spent will be a clearer gain than the whole through the former circuitous channel.

M. W. C.

PROHIBITION OF SLAVE-HUNTING.

THE Legislature which will assemble in Albany on the first of January will contain a large majority of Republicans in both branches, and we hope that earnest Abolitionists in every County will put its anti-slavery character to the test by sending in petitions, as numerously signed as possible, praying for the enactment of a law prohibiting slave-hunting, under the severest penalties, on the soil of the Empire State. The Abolitionists of Massachusetts are making a strong movement for such a law in that State, and the Legislature of Vermont lately enacted one, for which Abolitionists had earnestly petitioned. The number of Garrisonian Abolitionists in this State is not large; but if they will all take hold of the work in earnest, they can produce a wholesome agitation and gain a large number of signatures to their petitions. In some localities the work is already begun, but we fear that in many others, where we have one or more readers, nothing has yet been attempted. We entreat every friend of the cause in this State, who may read what we now write, to make a copy of the following petition, and at once commence the work of obtaining petitions. Let us go up to the Republican Legislature with our demands that the soil of the State shall be protected from the incursions of the man-hunter; and if they refuse to enact a law for that purpose, let us hold them responsible as the abettors of kidnapping.

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, respectfully ask you to enact that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this Commonwealth, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the Slave States of this Union.

AARON M. POWELL, in a letter enclosing the call for the State Anti-Slavery Convention, which will be found in another column, makes the following observations, which we earnestly commend to the attention of all our readers in this State:

"The Convention will be very opportune for the public discussion of the claims of our *Petition* upon the Legislature. I would fain hope for some favorable action thereupon.

"I hope very much that there will be vigorous and unremitting efforts to obtain signatures during the interim between this and February 1st, on the part of our friends in different sections of the State. I wish every reader of THE STANDARD within the State might thoroughly circulate the Petition in his or her locality, and then come, as a self-appointed delegate, to the State Convention at Albany, bringing up numerously-signed petitions to the Legislature, for the abolition of slave-hunting upon the soil of New York.

"Why should the men and women of New York continue longer to aid fugitive slaves to the Queen's dominions, and incur for themselves the risk of fines and imprisonment at that? Let the Prohibition of Slave-hunting be an advancing step upon the bridge over which, sooner or later, the people of the Empire State must pass from their present unrighteous alliance in the National Slaveholding Confederacy."

POSTAGE.—There is no prospect, we believe, that Congress will adopt the foolish project of the Postmaster General for advancing the rate of postage on letters from 3 to 5 cents; but there is some ground for hope that the franking privilege, out of which so many abuses have grown, will be abolished. The Senate, it is said, is in favor of giving to members of Congress and other officers of the Government a limited number of stamps, in lieu of the unrestrained privilege of loading down the mails with electioneering trash. Whether the House will concur in a reform which must seriously abridge the wire-pulling facilities of the members, is not so certain.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

IT appears that the Reception at the MUSIC HALL, Boston, the circular notice of which has been, during several months, in our columns, is likely to prove an occasion of unexampled interest and usefulness. Friends from all parts of New England—*new* friends as well as old ones of twenty-five years' standing—are preparing, as we learn from private hands, to be in Boston at that time. Indeed, the opportunity it affords is exactly what the cause needs, and one that no meeting or Fair could supply. For debate, discussion, argument, nothing compares with the former. For the removal of public prejudices the latter has been unequalled. But neither afford the time for consultation, conversation, financeering, friendly greeting; or stir up the pure minds of distant friends to remembrance of the cause and its claims in season to prepare for meeting them, like the observance of such an Anniversary as this proposed one, wherever the time is ripe for it.

The time fixed for the Anniversary is WEDNESDAY, Jan. 26, day and evening.

LAMENTABLE APOSTASY.

MR. BOYNTON'S DEFECTION—DISINTEGRATION OF THE FREE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 29, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN a late issue of your able and faithful journal, I noticed your strictures upon the Thanksgiving discourse of Mr. Boynton. Severe as he and his friends may regard these strictures, they cannot even attempt to refute them. The humiliating position to which Mr. Boynton is reduced, compared with his past professions, is one not of your, but of his own, choosing. Much as he may feel under your exposure, he cannot but respect the fidelity of your course. In the maintenance of principle, no man is to be "known after the flesh." Nor can an apostate even respect himself. If, on some point of faith and order, one should receive new light and honestly avow his new convictions, the change is by no means discreditable. But, after espousing a cause deeply founded in every feeling of humanity and principle of ethics, no man can apostatize therefrom without disgrace and ruin. Far more leniency is due the benighted heathen, or even the tutored sinner whose bravery never equalled an open profession. The Apostle but expresses the honest indignation of all noble minds against apostates when he likens them to "the dog returning to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire." That you have not misjudged the author of the discourse is evident from other public evidences of his defection. The writer of these lines heard him, last summer (on Christian Union), urge the duty of fellowshipping all, North and South, who in common hold a few evangelical truths. The crime of slaveholding, or of apologizing therefor, was not once named as any bar to Christian communion. On the contrary, his discourse implied that such characters ought not, for their pro-slavery opinions and deeds, to be kept out of the large catholic union for which he contended. All this but harmonizes with the eulogy bestowed upon him, some months ago, by one of his leading members. On being solicited to subscribe for an anti-slavery religious paper, he said the one he had taken for years was the best in America, and left him in no need of any other. The gentleman asking his subscription inquired the name of his superior paper, and was told it was *The New York Observer*. Having been referred to this brother as one of Mr. Boynton's best anti-slavery members, who would be likely to patronize a paper of this cast, the solicitor, under disgust, expressed wonder that he should praise such a paper, pass for an Abolitionist, and support such a preacher as Mr. Boynton professed to be. He replied that, years ago, Mr. B.'s undue agitation of the Southern institution had annoyed him, but recently he had grown more wise and prudent! These and other "signs of the times" leave no room to doubt that this pastor and people are prepared to band their once uplifted standard against the pro-slavery enemy into braver and, we hope, truer hands, or else allow it to trail in the dust of disgrace.

Besides, we have serious indications of a yet more lamentable defection in some of the members of the Free Presbyterian Church. Soon after the meeting of the New School Assembly at Cleveland, one Mr. Bradford, of New Castle, Pa., wrote to one Mr. Rankin, of Ripley, O. (both members of the Free Church), about forming a union with that body. Mr. Rankin replied, through the organ of his Church, that he considered the necessity for a separate organization over, and proposed a consolidation of the two bodies. As most of the members of the Free Church had come from the New School, and the proposition to return was submitted by one of their most aged and influential members, the integrity of the whole organization seemed to stand in eminent peril. But a few of their more steadfast writers, including Mr. Gordon, their editor, resisted this apostatizing measure, and it was quietly surrendered. Their paper, being suspended for a time under the declining health of its editor, was revived and removed to Cincinnati. Matters went on prosperously until the meeting of their Synod last fall, when the aforesaid men, Rankin and Bradford, introduced and carried through an overture to the New School Assembly for an organic union on a single condition. Having lost one of their wings South, and expressed their sincere regret over the event, lately, at Chicago, the leaders of this most temporizing New School body had manœuvered up this new policy to fill up their thinning ranks. On due consultation with New School schemers, Mr. Bradford had prepared, before his Synod met, this document, which he aptly termed diplomatic. Clearly it is far more so than biblomatic. Under the dissent of some seven or eight members of the Free Synod, it passed, and Mr. Bradford was appointed to present it to the Assembly at Wilmington. It congratulates the Assembly over the declaration that there are no longer any slaveholding Presbyteries in its connection; argues the responsibility of each church-member for the open wrongs of his brethren; admits that sometimes the relation of master and slave may not involve sin; and then asks the Assembly to erect a wall sufficiently high to keep sinful slaveholders hereafter outside of its communion! This latter thing being done, the return of the Free Church is to occur forthwith.

The attendance in Synod was not full, and one of its main Presbyteries has since spoken out against the measure. To it the plainest common sense and honesty interpose fatal objections.

1. The overture assumes that all slaveholding Presbyteries have withdrawn. Unless jesuitical, this language can mean no more nor less than that every slaveholding member of every Church under the care of every Presbytery connected with the Assembly has either withdrawn or been excommunicated. Such a statement is simply and most shamefully false in fact.

2. Could it, by any possibility, be true, still the secession of Ross & Co. has not sanctified the temporizing members remaining. Christian principle and *discipline*, not infidel secession, are the things demanded. When we ask for the former, to offer us the latter is to give us a stone for bread and a vile serpent for a fish.

3. The only wall expected against slaveholders is one of paper. All the Assembly can do is to pass one of its old or perchance a new resolution on slavery. Should this even be directed to the Presbyteries for a new provision in the Constitution, the history of the body shows its skill in avoiding every unsavory provision in such instruments. A creed is but an empty sound among any people whose heartfelt principles do not fully sustain it. Such a cheap condition, therefore, as the overture makes can readily be complied with, and then the friends of the overture become one with this New School body. And yet no pretence of repentance or change of principle is made by any one in behalf of these people, from whose wrongs most of the Free Church members, but a few years ago, seceded.

4. Other serious wrongs, sheltered in the New School Churches, and against which the Free Church has been protesting, are shamefully surrendered by the overture. One of these is found in Masonry and all oath-bound secret societies. The testimony of the Free Church and the convictions of its members, we apprehend, have been just as clear against this wrong as against slavery. Hence it involves the principle of *discipline*, just as distinctly. In the New School body there is no attempt to enforce discipline against the numerous members of these secret lodges within their pale. Hence, in temporizing as Free Church men must around this great sin, according to their own testimony the principle of discipline is gone, and can never be brought to bear effectually against the greater crime—if, indeed, it be so—of slaveholding. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." But there are yet in the Free Presbyterian Church noble men, who, "live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish," will never forsake her inflexible, God-like principles.

CINCINNATUS.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

THE Legislature of New York assembled in the Capitol at Albany on Tuesday last. Mr. Campbell, the newly elected Lieut.-Governor, took the chair in the Senate. In the Assembly, Hon. De Witt C. Littlejohn, of Oswego, was chosen Speaker; Wm. Richardson, of Albany, Clerk; D. M. Prescott, of Oneida, Sergeant-at-Arms. All Republicans.

The message of Gov. Morgan is an able paper, such as might be expected from a clear-headed man of business. After treating of State affairs at considerable length, the Governor concludes with this passage upon the slavery question, which, though up to the Republican level, falls far short of the ground upon which the Empire State ought to stand. The avowal that the State "will submit" to the extension and perpetuation of slavery by the power of the Federal Government, if such shall be the decision of Congress, is degrading on moral grounds, and a direct invitation to the Slave Power to go forward in the policy of aggression. This idolatrous subserviency to the Union is the curse of our politics. If we are not disappointed in the utterance of such a sentiment by Gov. Morgan, it is because he had never given us reason to expect anything better.

"The State of New York has consistently maintained a conservative attitude with regard to those of her sister States which cherish systems of labor differing from her own. Disclaiming all right or wish to interfere with the domestic concerns of any community outside of her own limits, she insists on her right to maintain, wherever the issue shall be legitimately presented, the superiority of liberty over slavery, whether as a condition of personal enjoyment, of intellectual and moral development, or of social and general well-being.

"While herself slaveholding, she voted to prohibit by act of Congress the extension of slavery into Federal territory, as, thirty years later, she voted to exclude it from Missouri and from the Federal territory stretching northward and westward from that State.

"Nearly twenty years later the question recurred with reference to territories then about to be acquired from Mexico, and again her voice was raised, distinctly and emphatically, on the side of civilization and humanity. Throughout the struggle which preceded and attended the organization and settlement of Kansas, her devotion to the cause of free labor was never doubtful nor lukewarm. No sophistry has sufficed to blind her to the fact that the establishment of slavery upon territory hitherto free would be a calamity and a wrong, for which not only the handful of settlers who had already drifted upon the soil of such Territory, but the whole American people who permitted such establishment, would be justly held responsible. To contravene the settled policy of our revolutionary statesmen, and remit the question of slavery or no slavery in a Territory to the unchecked volition of a majority of the first hundred or thousand persons who might happen to halt upon its soil, is to concede the fundamental assumption of those who entertain different opinions upon the subject, that no national, no moral considerations are involved in the issue between free and slave labor, but that the preference of one, as the other, is to be determined by climate, adaptation to tropical or non-tropical products, or by some other purely physical condition. It is to refer a grave question, vitally affecting the reputation and welfare of twenty-five millions of people, joint owners of a vast national domain, any of whom may be, and some of whom, with the descendants of nearly all, in the nature of things must be, among the future inhabitants of that domain, to the decisions of less than a thousandth part of their number.

"This is not genuine popular sovereignty, but the sovereignty of chance, of accident, of fleetness in reaching and dexterity in appropriating the Territory in question—the sovereignty of a few persons over the destinies and happiness of millions. New York has never assented and cannot now assent to a theory which thus divests her of all control over the common heritage of her sons with those of her sister States, which declares her an alien and an intruder on the patrimony acquired by the common blood and treasure of the whole American people, and which virtually proclaims to the world that she cares not whether her children who migrate westward shall thenceforth live where manual labor is respected and honored, or where it is regarded as the fit employment only of the enslaved and degraded. Such indifference is not felt, and ought not to be feigned.

"Every American must in his heart desire either that slavery should or that it should not be extended into our Federal Territories, and each has a right to proclaim and act upon his choice. If the deliberate sentiment of the people, constitutionally expressed, shall favor slavery extension New York will submit, as she has always submitted, to decisions fairly made, which contravene her convictions or her interests, however disappointed by any lawful action of the constituted authorities of the United States. She has never faltered nor sought redress in acts of nullification nor in threats of disunion. She wages no war upon the institutions nor the interests of her sister States. While frankly avowing that should the legal exclusion of slavery from the Federal Territories conduce to the diminution of its influence, and the limitation of its existence, throughout our country and the world, that fact, so far from constituting an objection, would afford an additional reason for her emphatic adherence to the policy of restriction."

POLITICS.

Hon. James B. Clay, son of the great light of ancient Whiggery, is likely to be the *Democratic* candidate for Governor of Kentucky.

The President threatens, if the present Congress does not either increase the revenue by changing the tariff, or authorize a loan to help the Administration along, to convene the next Congress in extra session early in the summer.

The *Richmond Whig* is blowing its resurrection trumpet over the grave of the Whig party. Already, it assures us, "the dry bones of the party have begun to shake and move together, and now its so-called valley of death is again alive with armed men." The conveyance of the different parts of a human skeleton, by spirit power, from Connecticut to New York, is nothing compared with the miracle which alone can bring to life the rotting carcase of the Whig party. However, the miracle-makers shall have credit for the fact as soon as it is fairly achieved.

Speaking of the personal quarrel between Senator Douglas and Senators Slidell and Jones, the Washington correspondent of the Harrisburg (Pa.) *Patriot* says:

"Certain politicians, who never can have their hatred of the Administration sated, are trembling with fear lest when Douglas comes to Washington he will make peace with the Administration and leave them in the lurch. To avoid this is their aim; and if they can bring about a personal collision, they suppose that the feelings of both sides will be so much inflamed as to put compromise and reconciliation out of the question. These men are not now certain what course Douglas will pursue. His trip to the South has alarmed them. They remember well that it required the most extraordinary exertions on their part to prevent him, after last session, from abandoning the war upon the Administration and proclaiming peace upon his return to Illinois. They really fear that he will give them the slip this time; hence the extraordinary means used to embroil him with prominent Democratic Senators. This would be a master-stroke. It would secure his allegiance to those who have enlisted for a campaign of extermination, and would be a capital plan of exciting public sympathy for Douglas, the victim of the arrogant, tyrannical, autocratic and ferocious Buchanan."

PEW-LETTING IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.—The pews in Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, in Brooklyn, were rented on Tuesday evening for the year. Never before was there such a rush for seats. The pews were put up at a fixed rent, the bidder naming the sum he was willing to pay as a *premium* for the privilege of choice. In this way every pew was, in about three hours, sold at a premium. The premiums ranged from $160 to $40, and the whole amount of pew revenue for 1859 will be $24,642 50—exceeding that of last year by over $8,000. It is owing quite as much to the high moral tone of Mr. Beecher's preaching, and to his free handling of social questions, as to his commanding eloquence, that multitudes are eager to hear him and willing to pay roundly for the privilege. He is not as thorough and consistent on the slavery question as he ought to be, but he feeds his congregation on juicy food, not on dry husks of doctrine.

A MULATTO SCULPTOR.—An American painter at Rome, under date Dec. 4th, writes (says the *Evening Post*) as follows:

"There is a mulatto sculptor here from New Orleans, who has talent, but is in a very poor way both in purse and health. He has had nothing all summer to live on (for himself, wife and child), except what three or four of us have given him. Since the strangers have begun to arrive they have been called on for aid, and their contributions are all which the poor man has any prospect of living by. It is really a hard case for the poor unfortunate.

"I think Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and all her sympathizers, ought to know of this case, for the sake of giving them an opportunity to prove the genuineness of their sympathy for the race by coming forward in behalf of an individual belonging to it who is striving to raise himself above the degraded condition of his birth. I have no doubt, could he have his health, and the means of living, he would do something quite creditable."

OUR CORRESPONDENT, "CINCINNATUS," makes some statements respecting the Free Presbyterian Church and some of its leaders that have taken us by surprise. Especially are we astonished by what he says of the Rev. Mr. Bradford, in whose soundness as an Abolitionist we have had the very highest confidence. As the writer has given us his name, we do not feel at liberty to suppress his testimony; but if the persons implicated wish to defend themselves, we shall, of course, accord them a hearing.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent salutath seasonably—He discriminateth as to whom—He shuddereth at the Mount Vernon contribution-box plan—He is philosophical on Holidays—And giveth Santa Claus a first-rate notice—He criticiseth the Bonner-Everett articles—His opinion as to the the putting General Morris into the Commission—Also as to Mr. Everett's philosophy of Eulogy—He narrateth the Slave Case we have nearly had—He condemneth the sable traitor—And commendeth the Northern Captain—Whose patriotic doings he describeth—Also the assault on our Glorious Union, &c. &c. &c.

JANUARY 1, 1859.

A HAPPY New Year to you and to all your readers! And, especially, to all your subscribers! For, as Lord Byron well distinguisheth, a *purchaser* is "still gentler" than a *reader*, however gentle. I hope you have a better day, at least better walking, than we have here, inasmuch as the pagan custom of honoring the New Year prevails so much more among you than us. If the walking be no better with you than it is with us, I pity the plight of the many-nymphed swains who have to pay their homage to their fair friends to-day, at the risk of forfeiting their acquaintance for the year. I trust that their tolls and exposures will not be aggravated by the added horror of a Mount Vernon contribution-box presented at their breasts and they bid to stand and deliver, as I see is recommended by some enemy of mankind in *The Tribune*. He must be one of those unaccountable monsters who have a general malice against the whole human family—women as well as men—to whom such a scheme could have occurred, one so ingeniously calculated to make the latter wretched and the former frightful Imagine a miserable youth, of large acquaintance and slender means, confronted by every one of his "dear five hundred friends" with a demand for alms for Mr. John A Washington! He would surely find them five hundred *dear* friends in a very painful sense of the word. I think it would be a case in which a fore-warned sufferer would be perfectly justified in providing himself with a good supply of counterfeit money to meet such a *humbugious* demand. I never thought before of the legitimate uses of bogus bills—as everything is said to have some proper use—but now I see that they are the preordained currency in which such demands as these in the behalf of the Mount Vernon slave-breeder should be satisfied. However, it cannot be that any of the fair Knickerbockers can be so beside themselves, so bereft of reason and self-respect, as to fall into the trap laid for them by the Misanthropist and Misogynist from whom this truly fiendish suggestion proceeded

The festival of the New Year never commended itself to the notions of this City. I suppose that the custom of such anniversary holidays must grow up with the growth of a people, and that there is no use trying to inoculate a grown community with such a usage. I know that attempts have been made to institute the ceremonial of New Year's visiting here, more than once, but always with very indifferent success. Your habitude was imported from Holland by the Dutch ancestors from whom so few of you are descended, and has been so ingrained into the constitution of all succeeding generations, as they came along one after another, that it could not be eradicated if it were a desirable thing to do—which it is certain it is not. A genuine holiday is too good a thing to be lightly given up, and the Feast of St. Nicholas is one in which all sects may unite. Santa Claus, indeed, has been admitted a free and accepted member of the Kalendars of Protestant as well as Catholic Saintdoms, and his worship is certainly one of the prettiest superstitions we have in this land of matter-of fact and common-place. Indeed, there is good reason for the reverence in which he is held, inasmuch as he is the only Saint I know anything about that does directly and immediately respond with substantial gifts to invitations addressed to him. Votive garments are often hung up in honor of other Saints; but there is no other that I know of that fills them with *bon bons* and playthings. He is a very sensible Saint, that understands his trade well, and lucky are they whom he likes best. It is a long time since he gave me anything, so that this good word for him is entirely disinterested.

To go back to the Mount Vernon business, I am told that the addition of Mr. Everett to Mr. Bonner's staff has not had the effect of increasing the sale of his wares to the extent that had been anticipated. I did my part towards it, as I said I would, and I did invest four or five cents, I forget which, in the first number. But, I must say, I thought the goods dear at the price and have not repeated the experiment. People tell me, however, that if the average of Mr. Everett's contributions are not better than the average of the two first, Mr. Bonner will have the worst of the bargain. But, I take it, he does not care a button of what quality the merchandise is, provided it has the Everett trade-mark, so that his name may stand rubric on the walls at the head of the noble army of his contributors. It seems to me, however, that Mr. Bonner has not shown that Napoleonesque genius which has been attributed to him in his selection of General Morris to share the campaign and laurels of Field-Marshal Everett. The General, I doubt not, is a mighty man of war, fully equal to the marshalling of your hosts from the Park to the Battery, and I am not unaware that, like Tyrteus, his hand is as ready with the lyre as with the sword, but I am afraid Mr. Everett will hardly look upon it as a complimentary thing to him-ward. The General is scarcely of a sufficient reputation to entitle him to be joined, in the command of the hosts of Bonner, with Governor Everett. I would say nothing derogatory of the General's merits as a votary of Mars or Apollo; indeed, in this arboricidal age one cannot but be grateful for his pretty expostulation to the "Woodman, spare that tree!"—but he would hardly put himself alongside of Mr. Everett as an American celebrity, and therefore I don't think Mr. Bonner wise in his generation in putting him there. But then it's none of my business, and, as he has never asked me to write for him, perhaps it is nothing but envy, hatred and malice that make me think so.

It is possible that Mr. Everett may succeed in helping the ladies who have undertaken to buy out Mr. John A. Washington at precisely forty times the value of the fifty acres he proposes to sell them, but I cannot think that his style of eulogy is the one that will put Washington any higher in the opinion of the world than he stood before. At least, it seems odd that he should think to elevate his hero by depreciating the other three great men of the eighteenth century. One would have thought that he would have made a greater hero of him by exalting the claims of his rivals for the admiration of mankind, and then showing he was head and shoulders above them. Not writing bad poetry like Frederick, not getting drunk like Peter, and not peculating like Marlborough, are excellent negative virtues, but what though? Even Mr. Everett, I think, is not guilty of the absurdity of comparing Washington with Frederick or Marlborough as to military genius, or with Peter for constructive and administrative genius, and those are the only points in which the world will compare them. He had military skill enough not to stand in the way of the blockheads the North ministry sent over, defeating themselves; and after that was done, he had principle and common-sense enough to avoid breaking his head against a Yankee crown and sceptre. His position in history is splendid enough, from its importance in connecting the two great periods of our National existence, without the ludicrous extravagance of excessive laudation. Indeed, the tendency of such drafts on posterity for glory in his behalf as Mr. Everett makes is to excite a keener scrutiny into the amount of funds actually on hand to satisfy them. And the result will necessarily be the striking of a balance which shall assign him his just due and no more. Future ages and foreign nations will not forget, though Mr. Everett has remembered to do so, that the hero of the war for liberty was supported all the time he was fighting its battles by the forced labor of slaves. Posterity will make all due allowances for him, as for the other great men Mr. Everett contrasts him with; but, I imagine, it will think Washington's keeping back the hire of the laborers that reaped down his fields not much more creditable than Marlborough's keeping back their pay from his soldiers, and that this inconsistency of the American hero was at least as bad as the drunken bouts of Peter, and the bad verses and even the deism of Frederick. Probably, it will take an average between the sweeping eulogy of Mr. Everett—and the scarcely more discriminating one of Mr. Parker—and that of the last historian of Frederick, who is said to have astonished an American by a *dictum* to this effect, "*Sir Georrge was a vera gude Surveyor of Roads, but a vera weak Oliver!*"

And talking of slaves reminds me that we had something like a slave case here last week. I believe you gave some account of it, though I am not sure of it, and have not the paper at hand to see how it was. One of those ignorant negroes, it seems, for whose particular benefit the glorious Constitution was framed, had so imperfect a sense of the blessings of the estate which is the corner-stone of our Republic, as to try and run away from it by hiding himself on board a brig from Wilmington, N. C., bound for this port. The captain, Bryant by name, was a true patriot, and labored in his vocation to prevent this traitor from smashing the Glorious Union all to flinders. The noble captain wasted about a fortnight in beating about and trying to put back into Wilmington, or, missing that, into Norfolk; but the winds and waves, with that treachery for which they are proverbial, defeating his pious purpose, he had to bear up for his port of destination. But, though disappointed of his patriotic design, he did his best to chastise the miscreant for his disrespect towards the Land of the Free and Home of the Brave, and first took away his money (about forty dollars) on pretext of paying his passage, and then made him work incessantly by way of working it. Then he kept him by night in a place where some abominable thing was kept (turpentine, I rather think it was), of which he would have died had not the black steward told the captain "that if he didn't let that nigger out, it was no use going back to Wilmington, as they didn't pay nothing for dead niggers," on which representation he let him out and kept him at night afterwards in the hold, where he got badly frozen. As he came up the harbor, he telegraphed to his owners what had happened, and that he should shoot any one who came to meddle with the slave, or the slave himself, if he could do no better. Notwithstanding this threat, some unscrupulous persons sued out a writ of habeas corpus, which was granted by Judge Thomas Russell, who also volunteered on the party detailed to serve it. But, before they reached the brig, the slave had been frightened into jumping overboard and escaping at the double risk of his life by drowning and freezing. The captain didn't kill anybody and was greatly astonished at finding the tables turned in this way upon him, and a police justice, at the head of a posse of policemen, with pistols and handcuffs in their pockets, ready to serve him as he proposed to do the slave. They were much disappointed, I was told, that the fight did not come off. The captain, I hear, is a Boston man, and is a credit to our schools and churches, of whom we cannot be too proud.

D. Y.

CONGRESS reassembled, after the holiday recess, on Tuesday last. The Senate met in the usual place, and being informed that their new hall was ready for occupancy, marched thereto in a body. Before leaving the old place, however, addresses suggested by the occasion were delivered by Senator Crittenden and Vice-President Breckinridge. The former talked, like a Presidential candidate, for "Buncombe," while the latter confined himself chiefly to history. The new hall is said to be elegant and well adapted to its purpose. The accommodations for spectators are very good.

A Washington writer says that the Speaker, in making up his printed list of Chaplains to the House—embracing, according to resolution, the resident clergymen of Washington—has left off the name of Rev. Mr. Bassett, the anti-slavery Congregational clergyman in that city. "This cannot," says the writer, "be the work of Speaker Orr; he is too fair for that. It is not a political but a clerical trick. The clergy of Washington don't like Mr. Bassett's anti-slavery principles, and have managed to get his name off the list."

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC for 1859 is a manual which every business man and every politician will find serviceable. Besides the astronomical matter common to all almanacs, it contains a List of the Administrators of the U. S. Government, executive, legislative and judicial—Senators and Representatives being politically classified; a list of members already chosen to the XXXVIth Congress; a condensed statement of the acts of the XXXVth Congress, first session—especially the action upon the Kansas question, and the Public Lands; A Succinct History of Affairs in Kansas in 1858; an Exposition of the Bogus Senatorial Election in Indiana; a carefully prepared Sketch of Mormonism; Names of European States, Sovereigns, &c., Election Returns of the last year carefully compiled from official sources; List of States, Capitals, Governors, times of elections and meetings of Legislatures, &c., Popular Votes for President, by States, in 1848, 1852, 1856. New York: H. Greeley & Co.

GONE ABROAD.—Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, and Miss Sarah P. Remond, of Salem, Mass., sailed for Europe on the 29th inst., in the steamer Arabia from Boston. *The Liberator* says:

"Mr. May designs spending three or four months on the Continent; he will then return to England, and remain there through the summer; taking, in all, a respite of about nine months from his arduous and long-protracted labors, which have perceptibly affected his health. He carries with him the best wishes for his safety, health and happiness, of a host of attached friends. And so does Miss Remond, who is worthy of all respect and esteem."

THE EVENING JOURNAL ALMANAC for 1859, though containing considerable matter of general interest, will be chiefly useful to business men and politicians in this State, furnishing them with complete lists of the administrators of its government in the several departments, including Sheriffs, County Clerks, &c. On State matters it is fuller than the Tribune Almanac. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co.

THE LEADING ARTICLE in this issue is longer than would be desirable, but it seemed important to us to put on record, not only for present effect but for future reference, the evidence of the guilt of the American Board and its missionaries, and of the complicity of *The Independent* with them. To make room for this article we are compelled to omit other matter for which we desired to find a place.

☞ An adjourned meeting of young people of both sexes will be held at Clarkson Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst., to complete the formation of a Junior Anti-Slavery Society. By order, ANNIE C. MCKIM,
LEWIS THOMPSON.

Summary.

Among the subjects discussed in the Cabinet relative to our future policy with Mexico, in the event of a recognition of the Juarez government, is that the Marshals of the United States may have unlimited power to pursue fugitive slaves and seize and bring them back. So you perceive that the opponents of "slavery agitation" thrust in the "nigger" question on all occasions.—*Cor. Eve. Post.*

The Methodists have a rare preacher among them, if we are to believe a correspondent of the Memphis *Christian Advocate*, who says of a Rev. P. E Pitts, one of their pulpit orators: "I have repeatedly heard the most famed men in America, but there are times when the flames of his pathos lick the everlasting hills with a roar that moves your soul to the depths fathomed by few other men."

LYNCH LAW.—*Atlanta, Ga., Friday, Dec.* 31, 1858.—A bailiff named Webb, being shot and killed to-day at noon by W. A. Choice, a public meeting was held at the Court-House this evening to determine whether the law should be allowed to take its course or Choice be hanged immediately. They decided upon the latter, and a mob is now assailing the Calaboose. The excitement is very great.

DON'T WANT LIGHT.—Our readers will remember that a discussion took place several weeks ago, in this city, between Parson Brownlow, the champion of slavery, from Tennessee, and a Mr. Pryne, from some place "away down East." It was generally admitted that Brownlow was floored; and this admission is strengthened by the fact that a bill has been introduced into the Georgia Legislature prohibiting the sale in that State of the pamphlet containing the discussion. The author of the bill considers the pamphlet "an incendiary document."—*Phila. Sunday Dispatch.*

There are to be two celebrations of the Burns Centenary at Boston, Jan. 25. We have already alluded to that of the Burns Club. It is to take place at the Parker House. Mr. Everett will respond to "The Memory of Burns," and Prof. Longfellow to the memory of poets generally. Prof. Lowell will deliver a short poem adapted to the occasion. Speeches will be made by the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Sen., J. G. Whittier, Esq., Dr. O. W. Holmes, Gov. Banks, the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, Wm. H. Prescott, and other distinguished gentlemen.

A SPIRITUAL INFANT.—John M. Spear, the apostle of "Self-Development," has been living in a small shanty at Kiantone, N. Y., for some time, with his spiritual bride, Miss Hinkley. Recently, between the two, in some mysterious way, "a son of man has been made manifest in the flesh," as Spear says, and they both declare that it is wholly a spiritual development, with nothing natural or material about it. It is noticed, however, that the thing cries and nurses, and does other things peculiar to material babies, and some go so far as to say that it looks like its father."

Among the advantages of the new Senate Chamber the Philadelphia *Ledger* enumerates the following:

"First, clergymen are excluded from the floor. Second, the Hall, with its surroundings, invites to the despatch of business. Last, but not least, there is ample accommodation in the galleries for spectators—a point in which the old Chamber was utterly deficient. The ornamentation of the Hall is much more subdued than that of the House—the prevailing colors being drab and gold."

COMPENSATED EMANCIPATION CONVENTION.—A *call* is circulating and receiving the signatures of influential men of all parties, professions and denominations, in the principal towns of New York, for a State Convention at Albany, on the 25th and 26th of January, to promote the movement for the extinction of slavery by fair and honorable compensation (out of the National Treasury or Public Domain) to the slaveholding States, for the manumission of their slaves. The call, with the names, will probably be published in the course of next week.—*North and South.*

AN OUTRAGE.—We learn from a letter received by Richard H. Garrigues, Esq., last week, from E. A. Malory, Memphis, Tenn., that Amos Timmons, a colored man, formerly of this place, now lies confined in the jail of that city, on the charge of being a fugitive slave. He is described as being about twenty-six years of age, of light brown color, near six feet tall, and weighing not far from one hundred and eighty pounds. Mr. Timmons is well known to many of our citizens—was born and raised but a few miles from Salem, and, so far as we know, always bore a favorable reputation for honesty and industry. Probably, without knowing that he violated any law whatever, he went, we understand, as a boat hand, to Tennessee, and, being a stranger, it was enough to induce some of the chivalry to *suspect* that he was a runaway. The law of slavery, asking for no other evidence of crime in such a case than suspicion, throws him into prison, and, contrary to all rules of jurisprudence, justice or common sense, presumes him guilty, until he, confined in a dungeon, over a thousand miles from home or friends, proves himself innocent. Esq. Garrigues immediately forwarded, on receipt of the above information, papers clearly establishing his freedom; and we suppose, if he ever has the good fortune to get out of the clutches of the vampire, he will not again throw himself into the monster's way.—*Salem (O.) Republican.*

LYNCH

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

ET EGO IN ARCTIS.

Let us think of the brave, of the brave,
Who went forth
From the sunny Southern lands
To the white and icy strands
Of the dim deserted realms
In the North.

Fearless, wife and child they left,
And went forth;
For they thought not of the Death
That smiled and held his breath,
As they near and nearer drew
In the North.

In the fulness of their hope
They went forth—
But the years shall pass away,
Nor return unto the day
Those who perished in the gloom
Of the North.

In the dreary polar night
They looked forth,
And cried, "The Sun is dead!"
And unutterable dread
Fell upon them as they gazed
In the North.

In the midnights, lonesome, fierce,
They looked forth,
And phantoms in the sky
Mocked their solemn agony,
Weaving a supernal doom
In the North.

So the dreary night went by,
And came forth
The pale and sickly day,
And they trembled in his ray,
And knew their fate was come,
In the North.

Up from the solid sea,
He burst forth;
They knew the end was nigh,
And they saw with fearless eye
How their strength and hope had died,
In the North.

And a bitter storm arose
And went forth
In the madness of his pride,
And they perished side by side,
By the drawing of his stave,
In the North.

And amidst the ice they lie,
Looking forth,
With hard and angry eyes,
To the melancholy skies,
That pitied not nor feared,
In the North.

Never from those dumb, dead seas,
Shall come forth
That bold and hardy crew,
And none their grave shall strew
With flowers, nor wet with tears,
In the North.

But their memory, like a god,
Shall go forth,
And all Time shall weep their fate
In the empire desolate,
That gave no echo back,
In the North.

J. A. DORSAN.

ROBERT EMMET.

I want a hero: an uncommon want.—Byron.

Translated for The Standard *from the French of Madame* D'Haussonville.

IN CONTINUATION.....II.

The young Robert Emmet, while his brother was expiating, in prison, the state crime alleged against him, had just finished his studies, with the most brilliant success, above all in mathematics and the natural sciences. But his quick intellect was not stimulated by the thirst for knowledge and the ardor of emulation alone. Robert early learned, by the example of his eldest brother, the democratic and republican principles which were those of the leaders of the United Irishmen. The stormy times on which his life was cast were reflected in his strong, pure soul. In that ardent nature patriotism was ever the most impetuous sentiment. One is fain to think that, by a Providential precaution, the lands least favored by destiny, like Ireland and Poland, have inspired their children with the deepest attachment. Doubtless Robert Emmet could have applied to his own country the lines once addressed to his own by Monsieur de Boufflers:

"The more the mother's sufferings prove her,
The more the children ought to love her."

Brought up under the horrible repression of 1798, Robert hated the English yoke, and never, truth to tell, was hatred more legitimate.

The feelings which agitated him are painted in his verses, composed, without doubt, at this period, and which are not wanting in a certain lyric power. The stanzas are entitled *Arbor Hill*, which is the name of a hill, near Dublin, where those guilty of high treason were condemned and executed. The lines begin thus:

"No rising column marks the spot
Where many a victim lies;
But oh! the blood which here has streamed
To Heaven for justice cries!"

At the opening of the year 1798, Robert Emmet was received a member of the Historical Society of Dublin. This celebrated Society was founded in 1770, for the purpose of exercising the young students of the University in the art of speaking, and was the school where the greatest orators of Ireland were formed, and the arena where the talents of the Curran, the Grattans, the Plunkets, the Temple-Emmets and others were first displayed. There they discussed moral, historical and political theses, like the following: "Is the conquest of a barbarous nation by a civilized one justifiable in a moral point of view?" "Was Charles the First justly condemned, or ought his death to be considered a crime?" The President put the question, and each one spoke and replied in turn. It was forbidden to approach any subject touching the politics of the day. But such was then the feverish excitement of men's minds that the most distant allusion to the situation of Ireland found an echo in an audience trembling to the breath of the passion that animated the orator. The first appearance of Robert Emmet made a great sensation. From that day he showed oratorical talent of the highest order. The Society had met for his reception, and the question was, "Is entire freedom of discussion necessary to the existence of a good government?" The President gave notice that any allusion to existing politics was out of order. Robert Emmet, in his maiden speech, held himself dextrously within the prescribed limits. He sustained, of course, the liberal side, spoke eloquently of the ancient republics—of Greece and of Rome—ending with a lively picture of the ills engendered by a government deprived of the salutary control of the press and the tribune. One of the students, named Lefroy, undertook to reply, and refuted, one by one, his arguments. Robert rejoined in a discourse evidently improvised, in which, says Dr. Macartney, who was present, he showed the rarest talent. "If ever," he concluded, "a government should be criminal enough to assail freedom of discussion, it would remain for the people to deliberate upon the errors of its leading men, to thoroughly examine the evil inflicted and the remedy to be applied; that done, its duty would be to draw from such an examination *practical conclusions*."

The gift of speech seemed natural to the Emmet family, and the eloquence of Robert recalled to every one present that of his elder brother, Temple Emmet. Noble and affable, bold and impetuous, the elegance of his diction, the harmony of his voice and the modest gravity of his manner, charmed every listener. "His eloquence was truly surprising," says Grattan; and Grattan was never suspected of partiality for Robert Emmet. Mr. Burrowes, a good judge, used to say that it surpassed anything he had ever heard, from any man in any country. "He displayed an oratorical amplitude and an incomparable elevation both in matter and manner."* It was in the ease with which he treated of the most abstract subjects, in the splendor of imagination and the ardor of passion that the originality of a talent consisted to which, as we have seen, the best judges rendered homage. The eloquence of Robert Emmet was an eloquence of action, which carried away the audience. Bold, unforeseen and picturesque images came thronging to animate his reasonings. Of this boasted talent, his lofty and touching defence on his trial alone remains; and one hears the powerful sympathetic voice of the great masters of eloquence vibrate in the last accents of the young orator, and feels the flow of that broad stream,

"Di parlar si largo fiume,"

whence, like light from limpid crystal, the soul everywhere radiates. It is, above all other places, at the tribune that individuality is revealed in all its grace and freedom; and it is not without reason that the ancients called oratory the first of arts, for it is of those whose noble purpose raises it above the worship of mere beauty; which it traverses indeed, so to speak, and with which it can clothe itself as with a shining garment; but its true greatness is in action, in the might of truth upon the hearts of assembled men. The qualities it exacts of the orator are complex, springing not from talent alone. One cannot shake off a feeling of sadness in view of the fragile remains of oratorical eloquence; so like those great frescoes of the Italian school, whose fading colors and uncertain lines are crumbling from the temples into dust. Life still palpitates in the cold discolored words, and those magnificent creations of a day, destined with their day to live and perish, shine with a melancholy light as they vanish in the shades of the past.

Very young as Robert still was, great hopes reated upon him. He exercised a singular ascendancy over the contemporary generation, which regarded him as its leader. His precocious talents, the strong and tender qualities revealed in him from infancy, inspired those who surrounded him with a mixture of admiration and respect. "He was," says Phillips, in his recollections of Curran, "a young man of a genius truly extraordinary." It may be that Robert Emmet was a sharer in the hopes inspired by his brilliant youth; yet it does not appear that, among the passions which the morning of life awakens, ambition or the love of glory ever much occupied his soul. Of an ardent and thoughtful disposition, he lived in the society of the poets and writers of antiquity. The great spirits, the illustrious dead of other ages, were the invisible witnesses of his life. Indifferent to the world that surrounded him, nothing had as yet troubled the noble and generous heart which was so soon to cease to beat.

The early spring, says Vauvenargues, is less gracious than the blossoming virtue of a young man. It is thus that his contemporaries portray to us Robert Emmet in his early youth, already uniting to the graces of adolescence the serious qualities of riper age. He was below the middle size, slender and delicate, though endowed with a nervous strength which enabled him easily to support great fatigues. He walked fast, and all his movements were rapid. The portraits which remain of him have been painted from memory after his death, and the painter, it is affirmed, with a mind filled with the thought of his tragic destiny, has given him an expression of gloom and melancholy which did not belong to his happier days. His countenance is pleasing and distinguished, his hair brown the complexion clear and pale, the brows arched; the large black eyes, with their long lids, give to his physiognomy a remarkable character of loftiness, penetration and sweetness. The nose is Roman, the mouth a little disdainful. Strength and delicacy, energy and tenderness reveal themselves in that sad, intense look. It appears that, thanks to his simplicity and the utter absence of affectation, there was nothing about Robert Emmet to attract at first much attention. The modesty and habitual reserve of his character veiled his soul in the ordinary circumstances of life; but if any subject deeply interesting to him was discussed, he seemed another man. "If you ask me," said Thomas Moore, "to point out among all the persons I have ever known the one who seemed to me to combine in the highest degree intellectual gifts with moral elevation, I should, without hesitation, name Robert Emmet. He never yielded himself to the follies or indiscretions of youth, although he was soon to manifest a nature capable of the most ardent passion. His morals were pure and his principles rigid. The sciences, in the study of which he had obtained such brilliant success, seemed then to occupy all his thoughts, united to that enthusiasm for the liberties of his country which was, with him, as much a hereditary as a national sentiment. He was the second martyr given by his father to the cause. Simple in his habits, the tranquillity of his look and manner seemed to indicate little activity within; but if one did but touch the cord to which his feelings responded, and through them his intellect, he rose at once far above the level of ordinary men. This was never more remarkable than in the debates of the Historical Society, where he so often chained the attention and sympathy of his youthful audience. Two different individuals are not more unlike each other than was this young man to himself before and after rising to speak. The look which a moment before seemed languid and inanimate was lighted up with all the power of his faculties. His face, his gestures and his whole attitude took the character of inspiration. Of his eloquence I can only speak from my early recollections, but I have heard nothing since which seemed of a character more lofty, and, I must add, more pure—a rare quality in our Irish eloquence."*

The author of a remarkable article, entitled "Robert Emmet and his Contemporaries,"† speaks of our hero in the same manner. "He had received from Heaven the happiest endowments—the brilliant gifts and exterior qualities suited to a great orator, the power of imagination which agitates and appeases at will the passions of the audience, the activity and authority necessary to the leader of a party. He is counted among the most gifted of the sons of Ireland by those who dwell with the most brilliant eloquence upon the fertility of his genius and his amiable qualities, commending his name to the world's honor. A Protestant, he embraced with ardor the cause of Catholic Emancipation, devoting to it his fortune and his life, at a time when it counted but few advocates in Ireland."

It was in the debates of the Historical Society that Robert Emmet first knew Thomas Moore, over whom he exercised a great influence; and these two young men were united by the warmest friendship. Literary taste, and, above all, the same love for Ireland, united them, notwithstanding great differences of character. For a time Moore adopted the opinions and shared the hopes of his friend. It is curious to hear him—in after years, disabused of youthful illusions and half repentant of his past errors, yet not really sure he had cause for repentance—as he relates to us the commencement of his connection with Robert Emmet. "The political agitation that then reigned without had penetrated the enclosure of our University; and a young man destined to enact an ever-memorable part in the troubles of Ireland then attracted general attention, as well among the students as the authorities without, by the brilliancy of his eloquence and the boldness of his opinions. Robert Emmet led us all. He was perhaps a little older than I, but he seemed by many years my elder. At any rate, there was in our situations such a difference that when I became a member of the Society I found him in full career, influencing all who approached him, not only by his learning and eloquence, but by the irreproachable purity of his life, and the gentle gravity of his manners. One may imagine the politics of the Historical Society, from the questions submitted for discussions. I recollect this among others:

Is Aristocracy or Democracy most favorable to the development of Science and Literature among a people?'

Another still more delicate question, pointing in a still more significant manner to the formidable party struggles of the time, was one day presented: 'Is a soldier obliged in every case to obey orders?' On the first of these two questions, the eloquence of Robert Emmet was admirable. I yet seem to hear the sound of his voice. He naturally espoused with warmth the democratic side of the question. After having rapidly passed in review the republics of antiquity and those of the middle ages, Athens, Rome, Florence, and boasted of what they had done for science and for art, he came at length to the great and dangerous subject of the French Revolution. He risked the eulogy of the young Republic, by recalling the example of Cæsar, who swam a river with his sword in one hand and his Commentaries in the other. 'Thus,' said he, 'has France just crossed a sea of blood; but while with one hand she repels the sword of her assailants, with the other she holds to her breast the sacred interests of literature and of the arts.' Passing then to the second question, Robert combatted that theory of passive obedience which he deemed servile and degrading to human nature. He painted to the audience a soldier falling in the ranks of the oppressors of his country, appearing before God covered with innocent blood, and crying out with anguish, 'I knew not what I did!'"

It is delightful to contemplate this picture of Robert Emmet, with his lofty, animated look, surrounded by that ardent young generation that, hanging on his lips, already saw in the intrepid orator the future Liberator of Ireland. All shared the enthusiasm then inspired by the French Revolution in all generous souls—that Revolution whose promise the world up to the present time has not realized. He was profoundly convinced that the good cause must always triumph, and that tyranny and vice contain in themselves the principle of destruction. If the idea be a mistaken one and its illusion dangerous, the extreme youth of the orator may in truth be its excuse. Grattan was not of his opinion as to France. "Touch not," he used to say, "that tree of the French Revolution. It is not the tree of knowledge, and its fruit is death."

"Robert Emmet," continues Moore (in his Memoirs), "was the head and the ornament of the popular party of our Society; and to get an idea of the excitement then reigning, not only should one have lived in these tempestuous times, but have shared, as I did, all the hopes, all the feelings, all the passions which strove together in every head and heart. Among the oldest acquaintances of my parents, I remember several of those who were the most deeply engaged in the conspiracies; and among the new friends who this year joined our Society were Edward Hudson and the unfortunate Robert Emmet. Although the politics of the day was a forbidden subject in our debates, it was not difficult, by digression and allusion, to bring Ireland upon the stage, with all the hopes then opening before her. Robert Emmet held our souls in his hands; his character of mingled energy and calm gave him a strange authority over us, who looked at him as our superior. The effect produced by his talent, and by the promptitude with which the auditory received every allusion to the events of the day, was such that the government had reason for anxiety. Those who listened to him were so little able to met him in debate that the Administration one day sent among us a member of the Bar, of ripe age and great reputation, especially charged to reply to Robert Emmet, and to neutralize the bad effect of his speeches. It was in reply, one day, to this man that, to the great mortification and surprise of those whose pride he was, and who looked upon him as their chief, Robert became visibly agitated and embarrassed. Whether it was that he had for the moment lost the thread of his ideas, or whether (for he was as modest as he was quick-witted and brave) he thought it presumption to reply to a man so much older than himself, he began to hesitate in the midst of all the fire of his eloquence, to repeat his words, and, after several unsuccessful efforts to go on, he sat down, leaving us much mortified to see our hero for the first time fall below himself."

It is not exactly known at what date Robert Emmet joined the United Irishmen. He was brought up in a family of conspirators; from the age of fifteen to sixteen he often met with the secret societies where Theobald Wolf Tone explained his plans for the deliverance of his country, and was deeply moved, it is said, by that animated, manly eloquence. The antecedents of his family pointed him out to the ill-will of the government. The warmth of his character and his opinions, his factious methods and the imprudence of his conduct, further aggravated the dangers of his situation. At the commencement of the insurrection of 1798 appeared a journal, entitled *The Press*, which was the organ of the United Irishmen, having for its end the preparation of the public mind in case of approaching revolution. It was soon suppressed by an arbitrary act of authority. Thomas Addis Emmet and Arthur O'Connor wrote for it, for a time, with great success. The editors were men eminent in science and literature. Among them were Dr. MacNeven, William Preston, one of the most learned men in Ireland, and Dr. Drenann, a distinguished writer, and a friend of Dugald Stewart. An article, written with rare ability, entitled "London Pride and Shamrock," was attributed to Robert Emmet. The simplicity of the style, with its restrained ardor of sad enthusiasm revealed Robert under the anagram of *Trebor*. Moore tells us a little anecdote of this journal, of which, with the best possible grace, he gives all the honors to his friend. "*The Press* was left at our house three times a week; we impatiently snatched it, I reading it aloud to my parents. It may readily be imagined that, with my devotion to the cause, and my consciousness of a certain talent as a writer, I burned to see an article from my own pen in the columns of this patriotic and popular journal. But the anxiety of my poor mother on account of my zeal (a feeling much stronger in her mind than public spirit) made me dread anything which might trouble or alarm her; and the state of the times alone was enough to keep her in continual terror."

Moore ventures, however, to send to *The Press* a satire, in verse, addressed to the students of Trinity College, seasoned, he says, with "the salt of treason, then so much the fashion," and he put it into the letter-box with a trembling hand. This satire, sparkling with wit and poetic fire, has been printed in Moore's works. Lord Castlereagh is turned into ridicule in the pleasantest way in the world. "What was my surprise and emotion," says Moore, "when, by the evening fire-side, in presence of my father and mother, I saw, as I opened the journal, in the first column—the place of honor—my letter staring me full in the face!" He had, however, sufficient presence of mind, though he trembled in every limb, to read it aloud without betraying his emotion. He had even the satisfaction of hearing his parents praise his talent, though they found the satire rather bold. A few moments after, one of his friends, whom he had taken into his confidence, Edward Hudson, entering the room, and looking at him significantly, cried, "Well! you see ——" and then stopped, arrested by a sign from Moore. But the maternal instinct was not to be deceived; as quick as lightning, his mother divined and understood the whole. "This letter is yours, Tom!" cried she, with a look of great alarm. Moore confessed the fact, and his mother, entreating him never again to risk so dangerous a measure, obtained of him a solemn promise not to repeat it.

"Some days after" (he goes on), "during one of the long walks that Robert and I were in the habit of taking across the country, towards evening, the conversation turned upon my letter. Then Robert Emmet, with that almost feminine gentleness and delicacy which are often seen in such bold spirits, conveyed to me that in reading that letter, though he entirely approved it in principle, he could not but regret that public attention had been drawn to the good spirit (so he called it) that reigned in the University, and was making its way peaceably without the government being aware of it. 'We live,' said he, 'in times too serious to make a mere game and pleasantry of the opposition to a power we detest and are fain to overturn.' Child as I then was, I remember well how much this manly simplicity of mind and character impressed me, while he explained that, in times like ours, the manly part was, in his view, rather to act, than to speak or write of our intentions. He was a noble being, in whom imagination and tenderness of heart were united with manly daring. I remember that I was one day at the piano, playing Irish melodies; and after I had sung that air—lively and animated as a call to arms—'Let Erin remember the day'—Robert Emmet, rousing himself as from a reverie, said, 'I should like to be at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that tune! I doubt not he was at that time one of the United Irish men, but he never spoke to me of their association, nor made me any proposition upon the subject. I think it was out of regard to my parents, whose anxiety on my account he knew."

It may be that Robert Emmet did not think his friend made of the stuff to risk fortune and life on the chances of revolution. Of these two young men who were walking thus thoughtfully around Dublin, one was to perish in a few years, a martyr to his cause; the other was destined to immortalize his name in his verse.

Among those who hailed the young Robert with kindness on his entrance into life was Lord Cloncurry. Of all the high nobility of Ireland, the one most sincerely devoted to the cause of his country, Lord Cloncurry was one of the conductors of *The Press*. He sustained that journal with his fortune and his influence, and became afterwards a member of the Executive Directory. He then became intimately connected with Thomas Addis Emmet and his brother. "Little did I think," he says in his memoirs, "when I used to see at my house that intelligent, animated, enthusiastic boy, that six years afterwards he was to organize a new insurrection, and lay his own head on the scaffold in expiation."

But it was, above all, in the family and in the intimacy of the celebrated Curran that the youth of Robert Emmet passed. Curran devoted his fiery talent to the popular cause. He was the advocate of the rebels during the insurrection of 1798. Nothing could equal the effect of his pathetic harangues, when, within the walls of the Rolls Court of Dublin, he wrestled with the fury of judges and the corruption of witnesses, for the life of some unhappy victim devoted beforehand to death, and for whom the scaffold waited at the rising of the court. Failing to wrench the victim from the executioner, Curran would battle to the last for the forms of outraged justice. The uncertain light of the torches, the haggard faces, the convulsed features, the passionate attitude of the crowd that shared every emotion of the accused, gave a fearful aspect to those nocturnal assemblies. One felt as if the whole was some lugubrious vision of a fantastic tale.

Though low of stature, careless in dress, vulgar in his habits and accent in ordinary life, the fire of his soul sparkled in his eyes when Curran spoke, and the glance illuminated the assembly. The union of pathos and pleasantry was his great power. After the highest flights of eloquence, he could, by a sudden change of tone, accent and manner, become simple and familiar, an Irish peasant in caustic humor, whenever it was necessary to surprise or disconcert some miscrable bribed or terrified witness. The fire and originality of his talent, its gravity and its gayety, its emotion and its irony, were all found in his conversation. "Whenever," says Phillips, "Curran described any one, the truth of the touch, the brightness of the coloring, the discriminating observation of the smallest particulars, and the talent of imitation coming in aid of the whole, made of a portrait playfully traced the very man himself, visible before one's eyes." Around Curran were grouped all the eminent men of Ireland, in whatever department. At his country house, some miles from Dublin, he received a numerous society, composed of artists, poets, politicians—above all of young men who sought instruction in the conversation of the bold Tribune of Ireland.

Robert Emmet was of the number of those young men whom not politics alone attracted to the house of Curran.* There was at the fire-side of the great advocate, at that time, a young girl, hardly eighteen years old. She was not beautiful, it is said, but better than beautiful. Once seen, she could not be forgotten. Her slight and elegant figure, her large black eyes, often cast down, "with an expression at once modest and tender," with the gentleness of her movements, lent to her whole person an undefinable charm† "The Irish," says Byron, "boast of their Oriental origin; and, in fact, the wildness, the tenderness, the lively coloring of their imagination, the warm and exalted souls of the sons of Ireland, the beauty and Asiatic grace of her daughters, plead in favor of this idea." All who knew Miss Curran describe her as of an earnest, timid nature, reserved and silent; without self-will, but with a capacity for deep affections, and ready for any sacrifice for their object;

"——a maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself."

There is a vague poesy, which recalls the immortal creations of Byron and Shakspeare, in the sad and touching recollections of this unfortunate young girl. The brightness and the sorrow of her love have inscribed her name in her country's annals forever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* In the life of Curran, by his son, mention is made of "this young gentleman of a highly respectable family, of very striking talents and interesting manners, in the habit of visiting Mr. Curran's house."

† All these descriptions of Miss Curran are exact. It is needless to say that this sketch abjures the invention of even the slightest circumstance.

BENJAMIN BANNEKER.

Benjamin Banneker was born in Baltimore County, near the village of Ellicott's Mills, in the year 1732. His father was a native African, and his mother the child of Africa; so that to no admixture of the blood of the white man was he indebted for his peculiar and extraordinary abilities. His father was a slave, but his mother, a free woman, by her industry, purchased his freedom. They purchased a farm of one hundred acres, which afterwards went to their son. At school Benjamin received the merest rudiments of learning; in all beyond he was his own instructor. He labored for his livelihood, yet his disciplined mind received and stored away knowledge that before many years made him the wonder of the country around him. At the age of thirty he contrived and made a clock, which proved an excellent time-piece. He had seen a watch, but not a clock, such an article not yet having found its way into the quiet and secluded valley in which he lived.

The making of this clock probably led to his being employed by the Ellicott family, as they, of course, would prefer men of a mechanical turn of mind. In 1787, Mr. George Ellicott lent him Mayer's Tables, Ferguson's Astronomy, and Leadbeater's Lunar Tables; and along with these, some astronomical instruments. Mr. Ellicott was accidentally prevented from giving Banneker any information as to the use of either books or instruments at the time he lent them, but before he again met him, and the interval was a brief one, Banneker was independent of any instruction, and was already absorbed in the contemplation of the new world which was thus opened to his view. From this time the study of astronomy became the great object of his life, and for a season he almost disappeared from the sight of his neighbors. His favorite time for study was the night, when he could look out upon the planets, whose story he was reading, and whose laws he was gradually but surely mastering.

Very soon after the possession of the books spoken of had drawn Banneker's attention to astronomy, he determined to compile an almanac, that being the most familiar use that occurred to him of the information he had acquired. Of the labor of the work, few of those can form an estimate who would at this day commence such a task, with all the assistance afforded by accurate tables, and well digested rules. Banneker had no such aid; and it is narrated as a well known fact, that he commenced and had advanced far in the preparation of the logarithms necessary for his purpose, when he was furnished with a set of tables by Mr. Ellicott. When the Almanac was prepared, Mr. James McHenry, of Baltimore, with a commendable interest, wrote to Goddard & Angell, publishers in that city, and urged its publication. Thus was printed an original almanac, by an African, in 1792. He continued preparing them until the year 1802. Jefferson wrote him a letter on the appearance of the first almanac. The Commissioner to run the ten miles square of the District of Columbia invited Banneker to be present at the runnings, and treated him with much consideration. On his return, he used to say of them that "they were a civil set of gentlemen, who had overlooked his complexion on account of his attainments, and had so far honored him as to invite him to be seated at their table; an honor," he added, "which he had thought fit to decline, and requested that a side table might be provided for him."

In 1804 this remarkable man died, in the seventy-second year of his age, and his remains are deposited, without a stone to mark the spot, near the dwelling which he occupied during his life-time. His land went to the Ellicotts, who had purchased it for an annuity. The following is an extract from Mr. Benjamin H. Ellicott's letter in regard to Banneker:

"During the whole of his long life he lived respectably and much esteemed by all who became acquainted with him, but more especially by those who could fully appreciate his genius and the extent of his acquirements. Although his mode of life was regular and extremely retired, living alone—having never married—cooking his own victuals, and washing his own clothes, and scarcely ever being absent from home, yet there was nothing misanthropic in his character, for a gentleman, who knew him, thus speaks of him: 'I recollect him well. He was a brave-looking, pleasant man, with something very noble in his appearance. His mind was evidently much engrossed in his calculations, but he was glad always to receive the visits which we often paid him.'"

Another of Mr. Ellicott's correspondents writes as follows: "When I was a boy, I became very much interested in him (Banneker), as his manners were those of a perfect gentleman; kind, generous, humane, dignified and pleasing; abounding in information on all the various subjects and incidents of the day; very modest and unassuming, and delighting in society at his own house. I have seen him frequently. His head was covered with a thick suit of white hair, which gave him a very venerable and dignified appearance. His dress was uniformly of superfine drab broadcloth, made in the old style of a plain coat, with straight collar, long waistcoat, and a broad brimmed hat. His color was not jet black, but decidedly negro. In size and personal appearance, the statue of Franklin, at the Library in Philadelphia, as seen from the street, is a perfect likeness of him. Whenever I have seen it, it has always reminded me of Banneker. Go to his house whenever you would, either by day or night, there was constantly standing, in the middle of the floor, a large table, covered with books and papers. As he was an eminent mathematician, he was constantly in correspondence with other mathematicians in this country, with whom there was an interchange of questions of difficult solution."

The extent of his knowledge is not so remarkable as that he acquired what he did under the circumstances we have described. It might be said by those disposed to sneer at his simple story, if there be any such, that after all he was but an almanac maker, a very humble personage in the ranks of astronomical science. But that the almanac maker of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, from 1791 to 1802, should have been a free black man is, to use the language of Mr. Jefferson, a fact to which his whole color has a right for their justification against the doubts that have been entertained of them.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

A. D. 1697.

Up and down the village streets
Strange are the forms my fancy meets,
For the thoughts and things of to-day are hid,
And through the veil of a closed lid
The ancient worthies I see again;
I hear the tap of the elder's cane,
And his awful periwig I see,
And the silver buckles of shoe and knee.
Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,
His black cap hiding his whitened hair,
Walks the Judge of the great Assize,
Samuel Sewall, the good and wise.
His face with lines of firmness wrought,
He wears the look of a man unbought,
Who swears to his hurt and changes not;
Yet, touched and softened nevertheless
With the grace of Christian gentleness—
The face that a child would climb to kiss!
True and tender and brave and just,
That man might honor and woman trust!—

Touching and sad, a tale is told,
Like a penitent hymn of the Psalmist old,
Of the fast which the good man life-long kept
With a haunting sorrow that never slept.
As the circling year brought round the time
Of an error that left the sting of crime,
When he sat on the bench of the Witchcraft courts,
With the laws of Moses and Hale's Reports,
And spake in the name of both, the word
That gave the witch's neck to the cord,
And piled the oaken planks that pressed
The feeble life from the warlock's breast!
All the day long from dawn to dawn
His door was bolted, his curtain drawn,
No foot on his silent threshold trod,
No eye looked on him save that of God,
As he baffled the ghosts of the dead with charms
Of penitent tears and prayers and psalms,
And, with precious proofs from the sacred Word
Of the boundless pity and love of the Lord,
His faith confirmed and his trust renewed
That the sin of his ignorance, sorely rued,
Might be washed away in the mingled flood
Of his human sorrow and Christ's dear blood!

Green forever the memory be
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,
Whom even his errors glorified,
Like a far-seen sunlit mountain side
By the cloudy shadows which o'er it glide!
Honor and praise to the Puritan,
Who the halting step of his age outran,
And, seeing the infinite worth of man
In the priceless gift the Father gave,
In the infinite love that stooped to save,
Dared not brand his brother a slave!
"Who doth such wrong," he was wont to say,
In his own quaint picture loving way,
"Flings up to Heaven a hand grenade
Which God shall cast down upon his head!"

Widely as Heaven and hell, contrast
That brave old jurist of the past
And the cunning trickster and knave of courts
Who the holy features of Truth distorts,
Ruling as right the will of the strong,
Poverty crime, and weakness wrong;
Wide-eared to power, to the wronged and weak
Deaf as Egypt's gods of leek;
Scoffing aside, at party's nod,
Order of nature and law of God;
For whose dabbled ermine respect were waste,
Reverence folly, and awe misplaced,
Justice of whom 'twere vain to seek
As from Kourdish robber or Syrian Sheik!
Oh! leave the wretch to his bribes and sins,
Let him rot in the web of lies he spins!—
To the saintly soul of the early day,
To the Christian Judge, let us turn and say:
"Praise and thanks for an honest man!—
Glory to God for the Puritan!"

I see, far southward, this quiet day,
The hills of Newbury rolling away,
With the many tints of the season gay,
Dreamily blending, in autumn mist,
Umber and gold and amethyst.
Long and low with dwarf trees crowned,
Plum Island lies like a whale aground,
A stone's toss over the narrow sound.
Inland, as far as the eye can go,
The hills curve round like a bended bow;
A silver arrow from out them sprung,
I see the shine of the Quasycung:
And, round and round, over valley and hill,
Old roads winding, as old roads will,
Here to a ferry and there to a mill.
And, glimpses of chimneys and gable eaves
Through green elm arches and maple leaves—
Old homesteads sacred to all that can
Gladden or sadden the heart of man,
Over whose thresholds of oak and stone
Life and Death have come and gone!
There pictured tiles in the fire-place show,
Great beams sag from the ceiling low,
The dresser glitters with polished wares,
The long clock ticks on the foot-worn stairs;
And the low, broad chimney shows the crack
By the earthquake made a century back.
Up from their midst springs the village spire,
With the crest of its cock in the sun afire;
Beyond are orchards and planting lands,
And great salt marshes and glimmering sands,
And, where north and south the coast-lines run,
The blink of the sea in breeze and sun!

I see it all like a chart unrolled,
But my thoughts are full of the past and old;
I hear the tales of my boyhood told,
And the shadows and shapes of early days
Flit dimly by in the veiling haze;
With measured movement and rhythmic chime
Weaving, like shuttles, my web of rhyme.
I think of the old man, wise and good,
Who once on yon misty hillsides stood,
(A poet who never measured rhyme,
A seer unknown to his dull-eared time)
And, propped on his staff of age, looked down,
With his boyhood's love, on his native town,
Where, written, as if on its hills and plains,
His burden of prophecy yet remains,
For the voices of wood and wave and wind
To read in the ear of the musing mind!—

"As long as Plum Island, to guard the coast,
As God appointed, shall keep its post;
As long as a salmon shall haunt the deep
Of Merrimac river, or sturgeon leap;
As long as pickerel swift and slim,
Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond swim;
As long as the annual sea-fowl know
Their time to come and their time to go;
As long as cattle shall roam at will
The green, grass meadows by Turkey hill;
As long as sheep shall look from the side
Of Oldtown hill on marishes wide
And Parker river and salt-sea tide;
As long as a wandering pigeon shall search
The fields below from his white-oak perch,
Where the barley-harvest is ripe and shorn,
And the dry husks fall from the standing corn;
As long as Nature shall not grow old,
Nor drop her work from her doting hold,
And her care for the Indian corn forget
And the yellow rows in pairs to set;
So long shall Christians here be born,
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet corn!—
By the beak of bird, by the breath of frost
Shall never a holy ear be lost.
But, husked by Death in the Planter's sight,
Be sown again in the fields of light!"

The Island still is purple with plums,
Up the river the salmon comes,
The sturgeon leaps, and the wild fowl feeds
On hill-side berries and marish seeds—
All the beautiful signs remain,
From spring-time sowing to autumn rain
The good man's vision returns again!
And let us hope, as well we can,
That the Silent Angel who garners man
May find some grain, as of old he found,
In the human corn-field ripe and sound;
That still, with sunshine and rain and dew,
Forever old and forever new,
The Lord of the Harvest deigns to own
The precious seed by the fathers sown!

—*Independent.* JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THOMAS PAINE'S WILL.

The following curious extract is from the will of Thomas Paine, which is on file in the office of the Surrogate of New York. We do not remember ever to have seen it in print:

"The Last Will and Testament of me, the subscriber, Thomas Paine, reposing confidence in my Creator God, and in no other being, for I know of no other, nor believe in any other:

"I, Thomas Paine, of the State of New York, author of the work entitled *Common Sense*, written in Philadelphia in 1775, and published in that city the beginning of January, 1776, which awaked America to a Declaration of Independence, on the fourth of July following, which was as fast as the work could spread through such an extensive country—author, also, of the several numbers of the *American Crisis*, 'thirteen in all,' published occasionally during the progress of the Revolutionary War. The last is on the Peace: another, also, of the *Rights of Man*, parts the first and second, written and published in London, in 1791 and '92; author, also, of a work on Religion, *Age of Reason*, part the first and second. N. B. I have a third part by me in manuscript, and an answer to the Bishop of Llandaff; author, also, of a work lately published, entitled *Examination of the passages in the New Testament quoted from the Old, and called Prophecies concerning Jesus Christ*, and showing there are no prophecies of any such person; author, also, of several works not here enumerated; *Dissertation on First Principles of Government, Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance, Agrarian Justice, &c., &c.*, make this my Last Will and Testament, &c."

The will directs to be placed over the testator's grave "a head stone, with his name and age engraved upon it," and "the author of *Common Sense*." "I have lived," the will concludes, "an honest and useful life to mankind; my time has been spent in doing good, and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my Creator God."

Dated 18th January, 1809.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF FRIENDS IN NEW YORK.

In 1656 several Friends arrived at Boston, and were the first who came to America. To prevent the spreading of what was called their "heretical doctrines," they were ordered to leave the colony. A part of them went to Oyster Bay, Long Island. From this they proceeded to Jamaica, Gravesend, and some other places, boldly preaching the truths of the Gospel. Notwithstanding the persecutions to which they were subjected, many of the inhabitants embraced their views, and held their meetings in the fields and woods.

In 1657, Gerard Roberts, a Friend and merchant of London, sent a vessel to America, in which came ten Friends—amongst whom were Robert Hodgson, Mary Witherhead and Dorothy Waugh. They landed in the Sixth month at New Amsterdam (now New York), and were the first Friends who visited this part of the country.

The women were arrested for preaching in the streets, and confined separately in wet, miry dungeons, more than a week. They were then taken out, their hands tied behind them, led to a vessel, and sent to Rhode Island.

Robert Hodgson went to Hempstead, Long Island, and held a meeting there. He was arrested, his Bible and papers taken from him, tied to a cart, and dragged through the woods to New Amsterdam, a distance of twenty miles, and thrust into a dungeon. He was sentenced to work with a negro two years at a wheelbarrow, or pay a fine of 600 guilders. He was chained to a barrow, and suffered much cruelty from those in whose charge he was. He was finally released, with several Friends from New England, through the intercession of Governor Stuyvesant's sister.

In 1666 John Burnyeat arrived at New York, and "spent some time there among Friends, in going through their meetings." Again in 1671 he visited New York, and attended the Half-Year's Meeting at Oyster Bay. This appears to be the first established Meeting for Discipline in the State of New York.

George Fox arrived in Maryland in 1672, and, after attending some meetings there, proceeded northward through Delaware and New Jersey, and, crossing over to Gravesend, passed on to Flushing, and thence to the Half-Year's Meeting at Oyster Bay.

The earliest record of Quarterly Meetings is in 1676, one being held in that year at Flushing. In 1680 a Quarterly Meeting was held at Jericho, and one at Gravesend: and in 1687 another at Mantinecock. Whether these were independent of each other, or whether they constituted one meeting, held occasionally at each place, the records do not show. From some circumstances it is supposed there was but one meeting, and that the minutes bear date at each of the places named, according as they were held at either of them.

In 1684 a Monthly Meeting was held in New York. Meetings for worship were held at all of the places above named, and at the same time, or a few years later, at Westchester, Newtown, Bethpage, Jerusalem, and some other places.

These meetings were subordinate to New England Yearly Meeting until 1695, when they were set off by that meeting, and, with other meetings in the State of New York, formed a new one under the name of New York Yearly Meeting—held at Flushing until 1777, and then at Westbury until 1794, in which year it was removed to the city of New York.

By the early records it appears that the first Yearly Meeting was held at Flushing in 1692, although perhaps not officially set off from New England until 1695.

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS.

The following works on Slavery are for sale at this Office. The price of each, as well as that for which it will be forwarded by mail, is given below:

	Price.	By mail.
Autobiography of a Female Slave,	$1 00	1 20
Abolitionism Exposed and Corrected,	15	17
Address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky,	7	8
Address of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, August 1, 1854